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FRANCE'S RELIGIOUS BITTERNESSES have been almost forgotten in the tremendous uproar caused by Herriot's frantic attempts to meet her financial problem. France has today a domestic debt of 278 billion francs, of which 160 billion were borrowed after the war. This, Herriot's vastest problem, he inherited from his predecessors who fooled the country into believing that it would be possible to squeeze enormous sums out of Germany and thus pay back these domestic borrowings. That hope has faded; but the debts remain. Twenty billion francs borrowed in 1922 must be repaid this year. Where is the money to come from? Clementel wanted to raise it, apparently, by borrowing from the Bank of France; he was forced to resign. But the crisis has revealed that only skilful bookkeeping had concealed from the public the fact that the Government had already borrowed most of what Clementel asked. Herriot [redacted] sort of halfway capital levy—a "volontaire," he calls it. The French capitalists [redacted] income-tax payments and who can get a fat interest rate on their *rentes* are unlikely to offer to lend the Government huge sums at low interest without vigorous compulsion. In the long run some French Government will have to teach the country to pay direct taxes. Possibly the present crisis cannot be met without a new election; but if that necessity compels France to shake off her dream of glory and face the fact of her governmental insolvency it will have been worth while.

JUGOSLAVIA AND EGYPT mirror the difficulties with which the path of democracy is beset. Both are ruled by virtual dictators; in both the dictatorial governments thought they had "rigged" the recent elections, and were surprised to find the people recalcitrant; in both the "ins" have resorted to extraordinary measures to keep the "outs" out. In Jugoslavia Premier Pachich simply annulled the mandates of the sixty-one deputies of the Croatian Peasant Party. The courts having acquitted the deputies of the charges against them, the Government had a parliamentary committee overrule the courts. Across the Mediterranean in Egypt, where the "ins" have always succeeded in manipulating elections to their own complete satisfaction, old Zaghlul Pasha, the Nationalist leader, performed the impossible and won the election against the British-protected Government of Ziwar Pasha. Ziwar accordingly repeated the simple expedient which had given him power after the British coup last November—he dissolved Parliament and called for a new election. Thus, in the orbit of progressive Europe, democracy takes its wavering course. Meanwhile, in the backward East both houses of the Japanese Diet have approved the new law extending the franchise to virtually all men over thirty, increasing the electorate from three millions to fourteen—keeping in touch with the West, however, by passing a sedition law which may be regarded as a form of insurance against the perils of manhood suffrage.

FOUR MEN WERE ON THEIR WAY to the Russian-Polish frontier the other day. Two were Poles, from prison in Russia; the other two were also Poles, but they were Communists under life sentence in Poland. They were to be exchanged at the frontier—the prisoners of capital for the prisoners of labor. The Communists, shackled and under convoy, were shot to death by one of their Polish guards. Suppose the murder had taken place on the other side of the frontier; suppose the Polish prisoners had been killed by their Russian guards. Would the press of the world have described the murderer as a "fanatic" and assumed that the act was one of irresponsible madness? Would it have detailed the "crimes" of the murdered prisoners? We doubt it. The press would have seen Bolshevik treachery and governmental vengeance wreaked on two helpless men. It would have raged and fulminated in front-page stories and editorials. But this murder took place on the other side of the frontier. The press chronicles the news; editorially it is silent. Only the workers are aroused. In every country, including Poland, demonstrations are taking place; throughout Russia thousands are voicing the horror and grief of the people.

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A PENETRATING ASSAULT on American imperialism is delivered by the National Catholic Welfare Council as the outcome of an investigation in the Caribbean by a representative of its department of social action. "American control of Porto Rico," concludes the report, "has turned most of the people into landless laborers on sugar, tobacco, and fruit plantations and allied industries. To a less degree the same is true of Cuba. The same process is in an earlier stage of development in the Dominican Republic and Haiti." Thus is exploded the apologia that whatever may be said against our strong-arm methods—as in Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, and Haiti—the means justifies itself in the benefits conferred on the native populations. Altruism is the invariable leitmotif of this fiction.

FOR HAITI the N. C. W. C. properly recommends as part of a program that "the former provision of the Haitian law forbidding foreigners to own farm lands should be restored," which means the scrapping of the Constitution of 1918 written by the Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy and imposed by force and fraud through the marines. This recommendation is important because it strikes at the root of the imperialist venture in Haiti as elsewhere—economic control. It should particularly be borne in mind, now that the marines have been withdrawn from Santo Domingo, are leaving Nicaragua, and are likely to get out of Haiti, that they are merely the instruments in the policy of exploitation. *The Nation* does not minimize the direct benefits resulting from the removal of the iron hand of our militarism from those countries and is grateful for it. In Haiti it would mean the end of nearly ten years of martial law, of terrorism, and of imprisonment of editors and public men whose only crime has been that of protest—men who in time will be revered in their own country as we revere Patrick Henry and James Otis. But no one, least of all the natives of the victimized countries, should mistake the shadow of withdrawal for the substance. Santo Domingo is still a vassal country as a direct result of our occupation. Our withdrawal from Haiti should include abrogation of the militarily imposed treaty of 1915 and reestablishment of the Haitians' own political institutions.

SOME BUREAUCRATS become so puffed up with the importance of their offices that they lose ordinary human decency. Such a man appears to be Raymond F. Crist, United States Commissioner of Naturalization. One of our alert subscribers sent us a copy of Circular Letter No. 106, sent by Mr. Crist to the district directors of naturalization on February 14, 1925. This circular letter laid down the extraordinary doctrine that

> An alien whose family is in Europe has never lived in the United States, no matter how many years he may have been here. He cannot be naturalized because he has not complied with the requirement of the statute that he must have resided here five years. It is the common law of the United States and the common law of the world, and decent philosophy and sound doctrine, that a man resides where he has his family and maintains his family. You will oppose the granting of all petitions [of naturalization] where the family is not residing in this country.

As a matter of fact under the common law the domicile of the wife follows that of the husband. But our immigration authorities set up their own laws. When the quota is exhausted a man can bring his wife into this country only if he is a citizen; but he cannot become a citizen unless his wife is here with him! That is ridiculous reasoning; it is also cruel reasoning. We wrote to Mr. Crist asking if the ruling were authentic. We quote his reply in full:

> Your letter of the 17th instant, concerning the naturalization of aliens whose families are abroad, has been received. It is requested that you advise how you came into possession of the letter which you quote.

If injustice is found under his rule Mr. Crist does not ask who was responsible for it, but who told of it. Mr. Crist needs to be taken by the collar like a puppy dog and shaken into a sense of his own unimportance.

THERE IS NO MORE USEFUL and courageous work in this country than that done by representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union in going to places where free speech is denied, submitting to arrest, and then carrying the issue into the courts. An especially interesting case arose in Paterson, New Jersey, during the silk-workers' strike last autumn when the chief of police forbade the meetings which the strikers had been holding in the Turn Hall. Thereupon Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, rented the building for a free-speech meeting, and when the doors were locked against the speakers by the police the former proceeded to assemble on the steps of the Paterson City Hall. They chose this place purposely in order to avoid a complaint of trespass or interference with traffic. The meeting was just beginning with the reading of the constitutional guaranties of free speech and assemblage when it was violently broken up by the police, who charged that it was riotous in character and made numerous arrests.

TEN PERSONS were subsequently indicted under an old English law, reenacted in New Jersey in 1798, on the charge that they "did then and there unlawfully, routously, riotously, and tumultuously make and utter great and loud noises and threatenings," manifesting their purpose "to beat and assault and frighten and intimidate certain and quiet and orderly persons then and there gathered and standing"; that they did "unlawfully, routously, riotously, and tumultuously" assemble "to commit assault and battery upon the police officers, patrolmen, and officers of the police department of the said city of Paterson, and to break, injure, damage, and destroy and wreck the City Hall." Mr. Baldwin and six others were tried on these ridiculous charges. When argument was heard last December it was brought out that the only previous trial in New Jersey under the statute was in 1913, when "Big Bill" Haywood and others were released on a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that a meeting for redress of grievances was not unlawful assemblage. Judge Delaney held the case of Mr. Baldwin and the six others under advisement for more than three months and then, without delivering a written opinion, found them guilty. This silly decision will be appealed, and should be reversed in the higher courts.

EVEN IF IT WERE UNPREJUDICED, the commission which President Coolidge has appointed to report to the next Congress on the disposition of Muscle Shoals would be useless. All the necessary facts in regard to this great government-owned water-power in [redacted] known or can readily be obta[redacted] in charge. The issue is on[redacted]

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Congressman must make up his own mind in that regard. But the commission is not only useless; it is partisan besides. It is merely a decoy to produce further argument in favor of surrendering this key water-power of the nation to private control so that it may be exploited for profits instead of in the public service. Of the five members of the commission two are purely politicians and are likely to determine the recommendations in regard to policy. These two—former Representative John C. McKenzie of Illinois and ex-Senator Dial of South Carolina—are both avowedly opposed to continued public ownership. Senator Norris says with truth that he could write in a few hours the report which the commission expects to compile at a cost of $100,000. If properly audited, this expense ought to be listed as "administration propaganda."

THOSE WHO ARE TRYING to put Muscle Shoals into private hands refer to it chiefly as a plant for making nitrates for war purposes and fertilizers for farmers. They wish purposely to obscure the larger issue of the shoals as a source of vast electric power capable of transmission throughout the entire southeastern section of the United States. They know better than the general public that the United States is in the midst of a revolutionary change in power development—a shift from power produced at individual plants or in individual cities, generally through the use of coal, to electricity generated on a huge scale by water-power and transmitted over large areas. The financial pages of our newspapers are crowded with the advertisements of stock and bond issues of corporations in this business. It is perhaps the most alluring field of present-day investment. Bankers and promoters want to exploit it to the utmost before public regulation comes along to limit profits, and they realize that the decision on Muscle Shoals will probably fix our entire national policy in regard to water-power for years to come. The public should not be less vigilant and open-eyed than the bankers. It should take as its slogan: "Don't give up the shoals!"

WE TALK A GREAT DEAL about the sacredness of property, but in point of fact we haven't got far from the day when property belonged to him who had the might to take and hold it. This is evident from the considerable respect in which we hold bandits, provided they have enough of the Robin Hood tradition of courage and gallantry to enshroud their exploits with romance. For the gunman, the sneak thief, and the pickpocket we have no respect whatever; they are mere pot-hunters who do not give or take a sporting chance. But none of us—certainly no business man—feels very distantly separated from the bandit mode of life, and that, we take it, is the reason for the considerable sympathy felt for Gerald Chapman, beyond the usual mawkish circle that heroizes notorious criminals. Chapman is not only the idol of the underworld because of his brilliant coups and daring escapes; he also excites a broad streak of admiration in the upper world. He may not read Conrad and quote Edna St. Vincent Millay as extensively as has been reported, but unless the class that does do these things had some special interest in him, the papers would not waste space in weaving myths about him.

SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO Thomas d'Arcy McGee, driven out of Ireland, started publication of the *New York Nation*. When the present *Nation* was established seventeen years later McGee was busy founding another kind of nation—the Canadian Commonwealth. Few men serve as patriots in three countries. Ireland, Canada, and the United States, however, are linked by peculiarly intimate bonds; and it would be well for all three if McGee's memory were fresher. Ireland is too busy with its present-day struggles to remember as he deserves the 23-year-old lad who was one of many emigrant patriots forced to cross the Atlantic when the "Young Ireland" movement of the eighteen-forties failed. Here in the United States we are absorbed in a Ku Klux movement which in its bigoted anti-Catholicism is close kin to the Know-Nothing movement of McGee's day. Canada, however, is officially celebrating this week the centenary of his birth. In Canada—then passing through the throes of federation—he found freest opportunity for his statesmanship; in those days as in these a Catholic met across the border less intolerance than in this land, where Protestantism is almost a state religion.

THE ARTIFICIAL HATREDS of the dark war period dissolve slowly, and still more time is required to unite again those complex and delicate international threads which bind the world together. There is less sentiment attached to the dollar than to any of our other symbols, and so commercial relations were the first to start again after the armistice. One can trade with his neighbor without loving or respecting him. But cultural intercourse, which demands a friendly attitude of mind, has been harder to reestablish. Thus we take it as a sign of progress that Yale University has arranged to resume the exchange of professors with German institutions that was broken off during the war. And we are especially glad that Yale's first post-war ambassador is to be a valued contributor to *The Nation*, Professor Edwin M. Borchard, who will lecture at the University of Berlin next summer.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY has handsomely, but only adequately, recognized the great services to learning of James Loeb by conferring upon him the honorary degree of D. C. L. Years ago, when Mr. Loeb retired from business in New York to devote himself to the fine arts, he conceived the wonderful idea of sponsoring a library composed of new translations of the classics made by the greatest scholars available and accompanied by trustworthy editions of the original texts. More than one hundred and fifty volumes have already appeared, and more are scheduled. They have not only made the classics—even some of the obscurer writers—available to multitudes; they have been of profound aid to the world of scholarship and they have frequently replaced faulty or inadequate translations brought out in other days with other standards. Princely munificence like that involved in backing this library we often read of, but rarely of so direct and so vital a contribution to the world of letters and of history. It is so much commoner to give money to "practical" things like world sanitation or a new medical school that one rejoices particularly that there is such an idealistic public benefactor as Mr. Loeb to make a great gift to the world of letters. We are proud that he is an American, proud that he knows so well how to use his great means. Yet at one point our satisfaction is dimmed. Why is it that an English university has been the first to honor him according to his deserts? Must this far-sighted prophet, a Harvard graduate, be without academic honor in his own country?

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Tariffs and Hatred

THE news that the South African Government plans to throw overboard preferential duties, which made England her most favored customer and overlord of that African empire, has, the dispatches report, mightily stirred the protectionist dovecotes in London. Just when Mr. Baldwin was in the full tide of making England over into a high-tariff nation without even a mandate of the British people as his authority, it was distressing to have the Hertzog Government administer a deadly blow to the whole system of imperial preference which was supposed to be the bulwark of the empire. If it is true in addition that before London was notified of this Mr. Hertzog was in communication with business men in the United States, Germany, and elsewhere the London Tory press has reason to be angry. It is a low-down trick for a self-governing dominion to take the ground that it proposes to buy as cheaply as it can without regard to any other consideration than cheapness just when the mother-country is carefully searching for industries in need of "safeguarding."

The ill-will in Great Britain which this step is reported to have aroused is characteristic of the whole tariff philosophy. The worst of it is that the hatreds engendered by tariffs are slow in developing and usually can neither be dramatized nor be utilized to arouse a sudden outpouring of rage and anger, as can a misfortune or crime like the sinking of the Maine or the Lusitania. Though the galled Tory press has already winced, the British manufacturers to be affected are probably too busy finding out to what extent they are likely to be hit, and how, to measure as yet their rage and their hate. That will come later and doubtless will be communicated to other large employers or to bodies of workingmen, for tariffs invariably create international ill-will in small or large degree. You may talk as glibly as you please about national rights, about keeping your workingmen from starving and looking after your own country first; when you tell the other fellow that he cannot deal with you except on prohibitive terms it rankles —particularly if he is in your debt and you, pressing him for payment of that debt, refuse to let him pay you with goods.

So obvious is the folly of the latter position that we are a bit disheartened at the cry that has gone up for a new and higher tariff law since Congress adjourned. Washington, the press reports, is already planning a new tariff bill; some of the farmers' sponsors are moving for still higher protection—when salvation lies rather in the reopening of lost foreign markets; and in protectionist circles it is triumphantly declared that, thanks to Mr. Coolidge, the Tariff Commission is now in a "reorganized" condition and likely to make no further trouble. It is true, of course, that the vice-chairman of that commission, Mr. Culbertson, who takes his job so honestly and seriously, has not yet been kicked upstairs into an ambassadorship; but it is believed that Mr. Coolidge will not again be put in the awkward position of having to pigeonhole for ten months or so a report like that of the Tariff Commission on sugar which is, apparently, never to see the light of day. This spectacle of the tariff hogs seeking to get still deeper into the trough at the very moment when the business of the whole world is hemmed and hampered by the tariff walls each country has thrown or is throwing around its borders might be utterly disheartening. But certain influential groups, like the bankers who have to deal with international problems, are beginning to realize that the several countries are cutting each other's throats and that foreign investments are not helped but very much endangered by tariff rivalries abroad and by our own high tariff rates.

It will be astonishing, indeed, if leadership in the fight for lower tariffs in America comes less from those who are avowed free traders than from the purlieus of Wall Street; but there is evidence that this is happening. A foreign visitor assures us of his amazement at finding so many bankers of his opinion that the world situation demands a leveling of tariff barriers if Europe is yet to be saved. Henry Ford, whose word still carries weight with multitudes, is reported by a journalist who recently interviewed him as being more staunchly than ever for free trade. Sir George Paish, the eminent British financial authority, who is now in this country, is steadily preaching the doctrine that the next step in world federation should come from a grounding of tariff arms. In a remarkable letter to the New York *Times* he has summarized the situation by saying that "the world's present tariff policy will prevent the solution of any or of all of the other problems which call for solution so urgently." Even European security he sees as directly affected:

> How [he asks] can there be any real security if the nations by their fiscal policies reduce other nations to poverty? How can the world's income be increased and debts be paid if new obstacles are placed in the way of commerce, the expansion of which is so essential? Indeed, how can the world's past income be maintained in the future if the main cause of that income—the interchange of goods—is destroyed?

Of course, it has not escaped so able a student of history that the greatest cause of the world's unprecedented expansion from 1800 on was not the coming of the machine age so much as it was the destruction of the physical barriers between nations. Anything that increases the hindrances to free transit of people and of goods turns back the hands of time and of progress. That the readjustment by lowering or abolishing tariffs will cause suffering, loss, and bitter pangs of readjustment is true. The alternative Sir George Paish puts clearly: International insolvency—coupled, we should add, with bitterer hatreds than the world has perhaps yet seen. The Dawes Plan itself is gravely endangered by the existing tariffs, as we have repeatedly pointed out; and the problem of transferring to her creditors Germany's reparation payments is complicated by the tariffs of those creditors. After the example of the unprecedented rise of the German nation following the abolition of the tariffs erected by the German states against each other, and the lesson of free trade among the forty-eight American States, it seems almost unbelievable that men can be found unable to realize what an advance toward prosperity a tariffless world would mean. But bad economics and a worse worship of nationality are blinding men's eyes so that the world approaches the abyss, as Sir George Paish declares, because it will not grasp the remedy that lies at its hand. Let us hope that South Africa will help to point the way.

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The Neo-Malthusians

THE scientific arguments for and against birth control are bewildering. Dr. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, speaking at the recent Neo-Malthusian and Birth Control Conference in New York, said that the American birth-rate was falling, that our recent rapid increase in population was due to immigration and the large families of immigrants, that it would, at our present rate, take us 120 years to double our numbers through natural increase. Havelock Ellis, in a paper read at the conference, however, depicts the world-wide multiplication of human beings as a staggering horror. Although through the uncounted ages up to the year 1800 the population of the world had reached some 850,000,000, in the brief flicker of time since then it has "doubled its numbers and at the present moment is increasing more rapidly than ever in history before." A certain unnamed microscopic organism would in a single year, he says, if its numbers were allowed to multiply naturally and if it escaped the chances of decimation, produce a mass of living matter which would extend beyond the limits of the known universe.

Human increase is not likely to make this lively pace; but Mr. Ellis quotes Charles Darwin as saying forty years ago that if the population of the United States kept up its current rate of increase (doubling in twenty-five years) it would "in a few centuries cover the whole surface of the globe so thickly that four men would have to stand on each square yard." Since the conference was primarily neo-Malthusian, the position of Havelock Ellis, restated and discussed by various scientists and laymen, had far the best of it: The horrors of war, of economic slavery, of disease and social strife are all bred from this seething ferment of human beings spreading over the limited surfaces of the earth.

These fascinating calculations have undoubted bearing on the subject of birth control. If Havelock Ellis is right, the practice of contraception might, perhaps, be made compulsory and the size of each family limited by law. If Dr. Dublin is right, perhaps the matter may be left to voluntary action. But even if the neo-Malthusians could be confounded, the decision would still lie with the birth-control advocates; for the question is only partly one of scientific argument, of birth-rates and population increases. It is quite as important in its bearing on moral standards, marriage, individual health and happiness, child labor, the freedom of women. And beyond all these it is a matter of knowledge and freedom of choice. Bernard Shaw in his message to the conference plunged through to the one critical point when, after acknowledging the discomforts of an overcrowded world, he said:

> Meanwhile, birth control should be advocated for its own sake, on the general ground that the difference between voluntary, rational, controlled activity and any sort of involuntary, irrational, uncontrolled activity is the difference between an amoeba and a man; and if we really believe that the more highly evolved creature is the better we may as well act accordingly.
>
> As the amoeba does not understand birth control it cannot abuse it, and therefore its state may be the more gracious; but it is also true that as the amoeba cannot write it cannot commit forgery; yet we teach everybody to write unhesitatingly, knowing that if we refuse to teach anything that could be abused we should never teach anything at all.

Unless they are cowed by some special superstition or taboo, individual men and women have always snatched at knowledge and the chance of greater freedom for themselves. They have learned what they could of birth-control methods and applied them in their own lives. This recent conference is evidence that persons, many of them hitherto cautious or averse, are now ready to empty this knowledge into the mind of the world. Prominent men and women from all countries sent greetings and offered support. Doctors overflowed the medical session and forced a second meeting in another hotel. They adopted a resolution saying that birth control should occupy a place on the programs of State and county medical conventions and of the American Medical Association, and that it should be practiced at clinics, hospitals, and "other medically supervised organizations engaged in the scientific study and prevention of disease and crime." All this is encouraging for the world at large; and it stands, intentionally or not, as a magnificent tribute to Margaret Sanger and to the few men and women —chiefly women—who have faced notoriety and attack to make birth control a breathing issue.

The Enemies of Literature

IN a world where all things are insecure literature might seem at first glance to be more rather than less secure. The thought of libraries, university faculties, armies of alert and devoted critics, and packs of enterprising publishers is sufficient reassurance for a good many persons when they think about the matter at all; and always of course there is the assumption, very comfortable if one can cherish it, that whatever is good survives—that whatever is best, indeed, is destined to immortal life. Yet literature, if the facts be considered, appears as much as any other precious thing to be at the mercy of forces which work outside of it and are indifferent to it.

To begin with minor accidents, there are the books which never get written. If it be true, as it is sometimes plausibly argued, that every human being is in some measure an artist, then a vast amount of talent must go to waste in any given generation for lack of opportunities to express itself. Defective education will account for some of this waste; but there is also the chance that the potential novelist or poet finds another occupation agreeable and never suspects that he might abandon it either permanently or temporarily for the sake of exploiting the quality which his friends, perhaps, find most attractive in him. Occasionally such a person does make an excursion into literature, and the result may serve to remind the world how much it is missing from others of his kind. Recently Mr. Charles J. Finger, editor and chief author of *All's Well*, has been moved to admire the writing of "literary business men," or men who have stepped for a moment out of their routine and produce good books. He remembers that Bunyan was a tinker who did this, Richardson a printer, and Smollett a physician; and he declares: "Today I can put my hand on a dozen men in the business or professional world who if given time and relief from present duties are capable of turning out work of high merit"—work often more "civilized, cultured, intelligent" than that of most professional literary people.

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What, though, of the thousands of books which do get written and published every year? Only the most ignorant of optimists would maintain that all of these meet with the fate they deserve. The machinery for conveying them to their appropriate publics and keeping them there is unfortunately far from perfect. Publishers make mistakes; critics have been known to miss a masterpiece; and a wise man would not deny that there have been errors of this sort which time will never repair. The greatest risks, however, are run by the books which for one reason or another are noticed, and the ultimate risk is run by those which actually achieve fame. For fame in one generation, one century, or even one civilization is never a guaranty of fame in another. And while in many cases the failure of an author to continue being read is explainable on the ground of his defects, there are many cases also in which this does not hold. What, for instance, are the defects of Thomas Deloney, of Jonathan Edwards, of Chrétien de Troyes? Literature looked at in the mass—old literature as well as new, the sifted even more than the unsifted—appears to be a creature upon whose life nature has constant designs. The most indefatigable censor of all is the course of human events. The most implacable foe of good books is the civilization which outgrows them—or perhaps only deserts them.

Authors have less reason to fear individual censors—the Prynnes, Colliers, Tolstois, Sumners—than they have to fear the classes whom these individuals represent. Restoration comedy was killed not by Jeremy Collier but by middle-class morality, and no power on earth could have prevented that morality from working its will. Tolstoi's "What Is Art?" has so far been ineffectual enough, yet it seems more and more likely that the protest made therein against "aristocratic" literature is the protest which the future will make against a whole universe of books that it cannot understand. The English poets of the seventeenth century were in the habit of lamenting the fact that they wrote a changing language—one that posterity would be unable to read. And the death of a language is sad indeed.

Changes of taste, however, and shifts of interest work greater havoc. The rise of a new class to power means a new audience, and new audiences have a way of demanding new entertainment. Their indifference to established reputations is almost the cruelest fact in nature. And nothing can be done about it. A great deal is being said these days about the proletarian audience. In Russia, where there is such a thing as a proletarian aesthetic and a proletarian criticism, the works of Tolstoi, Turgenev, and Dostoevski have been condemned because of their bourgeois point of view; and in America a book has been written by Upton Sinclair to prove that most existing literature is doomed to death because it is the product of a favored class which is disappearing. A still more recent American book, by V. F. Calverton, attempts a thoroughgoing analysis of the process by which the literature of our fathers will grow pale and die. And though a sanguine reader may entertain more hope for Shakespeare, say, than the proletarians do, he still must grant that the process described is one that in greater or less degree is always going on.

Social and psychological changes do leave huge sections of literature high and dry on the shores of time. The sentimental supposition has generally been that time befriends good books. "Time will tell," it is said. But time tells very little, save—as Rémy de Gourmont insisted—that man should resign himself to annihilation.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers Return

MR. AND MRS. MARTYN ROGERS arrived at Cape Town in mid-February. The interesting point in that bare announcement is that they arrived from Tristan da Cunha Island, and that they arrived more than a year late because no boat had touched for two years at the strange bit of mid-ocean rock to which they had exiled themselves as missionaries in 1922. Tristan da Cunha received its last mail early in 1923; and between that day and the February day this year when the Ramon de Larranaga stopped long enough to pick up the missionaries it had seen but one passing ship. "We could live quite comfortably here if we had an annual mail to look forward to," one of the islanders said in bidding Mr. Rogers farewell.

It is 2,000 miles from Tristan da Cunha to Cape Town, and 4,000 miles to Cape Horn. The mail which reaches the island every few years is sent from South Africa to a point on the coast of the antarctic continent whence whalers or government supply ships deliver the ancient post bags—if and when. Several times the British Government has offered to transport the islanders to less lonely climes, but they will not go. For more than a hundred years they and their ancestors have tended their flocks and hoed their potatoes in the few square miles of level soil which the volcanic island affords. Tristan has no trees and almost no shrubs; but an antarctic grass flourishes similar to that which Sir Joseph Hooker transplanted from the Falklands to the Scotch Highlands in the eighteen-forties.

From 1810 to 1812 the United States, in the person of one Lambert, of Salem, Massachusetts, had a claim to Tristan and its two sister rocks, which he renamed the Islands of Refreshment; but Lambert trusted too much to the refreshing waters and was lost while fishing, leaving his rival, Thomas Currie, who ruled in the name of King George, supreme. During the War of 1812 American commerce-destroyers used the islands as a base, but the British formally annexed them in 1816 and have kept the Union Jack floating ever since. For one year the governor of Cape Colony maintained a garrison there, and a member of that garrison, Corporal Glass, who insisted on remaining with his family, is ancestor to a large part of the present colony. There have been additions to the population, some black and some white; and there have been occasional emigrations of the young and adventurous. In 1880 the population reached a peak—109 souls; in 1885 all but four of its men were lost at sea. In 1901 it had 74 inhabitants, and in 1922, the Quest, returning with the remnant of Shackleton's expedition, found 137.

Tristan has no laws, no taxes, no jails, no police. But its people quarrel, stop quarreling, and love, and die. Breakfast was forgotten that February morning at daybreak when the cry "Sail ho!" reverberated over the cluster of thatched white houses. Clothes had been worn out; nails and paint were lacking; and the islanders ran to catch geese and cattle to trade for whatever the vessel would sell them. The Rev. Martyn Rogers and his wife hastily packed their kit, visited the sick, held a last hurried church service, and—married two couples who had not planned to be married so quickly. But their minister was leaving, and who knew when the next chance would come to perform that ceremony with all the legal and religious rites which civilization had made necessary?

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Brethren, the Neophyte Waits Without

By HOWARD S. BENEDICT

I

MORE significant than the tariff, the World's Series, prohibition, or the Declaration of Independence is the effect of associations and societies upon American communal life. As proof of our universal allegiance to all varieties of clubs the "World Almanac" lists 755 organizations with a total membership (estimating that of the Ku Klux Klan at three millions) of almost fifty millions. Excluding the less colorful religious, athletic, trade, educational, and welfare associations, we still find the combined membership of the sword-swinging fraternal, fraternal-beneficiary, patriotic, and secret societies reaching the astounding total of more than twenty-three millions. The National Anti-Horse Thief Association, founded in 1854, alone boasts an enrolment of 36,000!

We have Fashion Shows and Automobile Shows—why not a Fraternal Show? Think of Madison Square Garden out-circusing the circus, presenting under one roof shrines from the Far East, caravans from Mecca, King Solomon's Temple, wigwams full of whooping Red Men, forests primeval for the exhibit of Moose and Elks and Woodsmen, aviaries for the Owls, and a side-show overflowing with Odd Fellows. And what a parade could be assembled! In the hilarious procession would strut not only the more famous Masons, Eagles, and Knights of Pythias but also the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, the Ancient Order of Muts, and the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Blue Goose, sketches of which appear in "A Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies," compiled by Arthur Preuss, editor of the *Fortnightly Review* of St. Louis.

For an indication of the enormous influence of the secret society upon the growth of the Republic, one has only to recall the political power wielded by the Anti-Masonic Party between 1827 and 1835. In its rank were thousands of superstitious souls, terrified by the occult pageantry of the Masons.

II

With utmost gravity, albeit with subdued snickers, does our fraternal order conduct its initiations. For this is the acid test which separates the alloy from the pure metal, which determines whether Bill Smith has the courage to jump from the chair where he has been hoisted with admonition to "Be careful, Neophyte, you're eighteen feet off the ground!" Will Bill grin when he is made to walk barefooted on the cake of ice and after being walloped with a plank? If so, he is worthy to become a member of "our great organization, rich in tradition and powerful in influence"; if he shows the white feather or knocks one of his inquisitors flat, he's to be forever shunned by all true fraters.

We find that the ancients tested their candidates by the most horrible of initiation ordeals. Heckethorn, in "The Secret Societies of All Ages and Countries," thus describes the degree of Isis, the first degree of the rites which the ancient Egyptians forced upon their neophytes:

> The candidate, electing to go forward, underwent the trial by fire by passing through a hall filled with inflammable substances in a state of combustion and forming a bower of fire. He then underwent the trial by water, and suddenly found the platform upon which he had taken refuge sink from under him while two brazen wheels revolved with formidable rapidity and stunning noise as he remained suspended by two rings over a terrifying abyss.

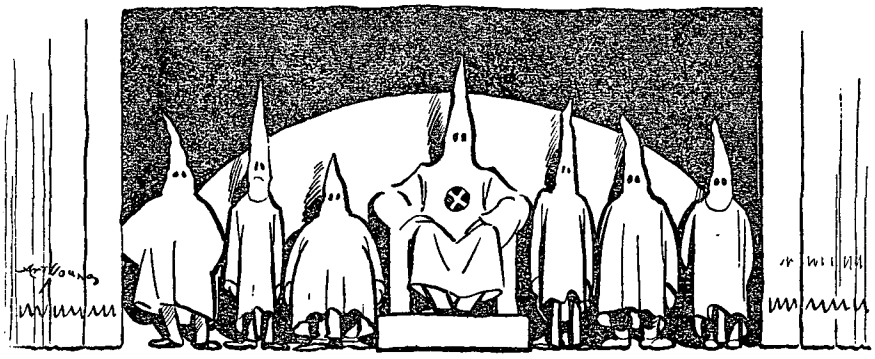
Barbarous, was it not? Contrast such meaningless tortures with the initiation rites of a more enlightened society, the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine (in which President Harding was one of 600,000 Nobles), which are chronicled in "The Mystic Shrine Illustrated: The Full Illustrated Ritual of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine."*

We quote in part:

> The "Bumper" is next used. A box about six feet high, perpendicular on one side and concave on the other side. A ladder is then placed on the concave side. The candidate ascends the ladder and is seated on the top, his legs hanging over the concave side. Then he is told to take hold of a large rope, about two feet long, held up by a small string or thread. He is told under no circumstances to let go the rope, which he firmly grasps, when the box falls to pieces and he is shot down the concave side of the box, thumping his head and buttocks on a partition that is fixed to receive him. . . . He is then conducted to the Grand Potentate, whom he is commanded to approach with humble and great reverence, stooping very low on his knees, his head near the ground, his buttocks elevated, where he receives the "Grand Salaam," that is, a blow on his buttocks with two pieces of board between which are placed some torpedoes that explode with a loud report when they come together. This is called the Grand Salaam or stroke of introduction. He is then introduced to the Grand Potentate, near whom there is a Galvanic Battery, so arranged (under the carpet) that when the candidate is introduced to the Grand Potentate he receives a severe electric shock.

Again, the elevating account of an "Encampment" of the United Spanish War Veterans (familiarly known as Gu Gu) which appeared in the *National Tribune* of June 21, 1923, and was reprinted in the pages of the *Christian Cynosure* of August, 1923:

> Many men in '98 uniforms were seen hurrying in the direction of Lawton Camp's Hall [in Denver]. At 9:15 the hall



* Revised and enlarged edition, 1903, Ezra A. Cook, Chicago, Illinois, publisher.

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looked very much like a "jungle." A hundred or more "Slick and Slimys" had gathered. A bunch of 30 "Americano dogs" (the initiates), all with blanched faces, were seen crawling in one corner of the jungle when the Gu Gu Grandississimo called the jungle to order. There was a "heavy sea rolling" in the jungles that night and the floor of Balangiga Lair, No. 1, was rough. One low-down Americano dog, while riding on the "sacred bull cart," fell off head first as the cart hit one of the high spots and the wheel of said cart passed over his ugly head. He was not killed. Latest reports from the hospital are encouraging and say he will be out in two weeks.

One more tidbit, this an account of the doings of the Sons of Malta, a secret society which died about the time of the Civil War, noteworthy as the first order outside of Freemasonry to initiate candidates with elaborate claptrap. To quote from the "Cyclopedia of Fraternities":

> After a tantalizing, often terrifying circumambulation, the candidates would be placed in a large basket and hauled up to the ceiling to rest there while the remaining members partook of an elaborate banquet beneath. The shooting-the-chute feature of initiation was never omitted, and one council at Boston constructed a winding affair of that nature which started neophytes on the third floor and landed them in the basement. Life and limb were frequently endangered, and hundreds of men were induced to join who never went back again; while thousands of others returned to "get even" by helping put the next fellow through.

As a feature of the initiation rites of the ancient Magi, priests and other officers of the temple disguised themselves as lions, bears, and other wild animals and attacked the candidate with fierce howls. In these sham fights the priests sometimes caught a Tartar, as in the case of the Emperor Commodus, who slew one of the priests who had assailed him in the form of a wild beast. A similar sad experience befell the International Order of Twelve of Knights and Daughters of Tabor, an Afro-American labor and benevolent association founded in 1872 at Independence, Missouri; for, like the ancient Magi, the Twelve of Knights, etc., came to grief through a disastrous initiation. In 1915 one Smith Johnson was injured by a sword blade during the hazing and sued the order. The following year the Texas Supreme Court ordered the Grand Temple to pay Johnson the $12,000 damages awarded to him by a lower court.

III

So much for the initiation. Aside from the delicious privilege of swinging on the next unfortunate, what boon rewards the candidate who has withstood trials by water, fire, ice, and electricity in order to gain admittance to the Sanctuary, the Temple, the Council Chamber, the Court of Honor, the Zodiac, the Sacred Tabernacle, the Holy Mosque, or the Enigmatic Oracle? If the benefits of the inner lodge were not stupendous, does anyone think that President Harding would have submitted successively to the indignities of initiation by the Shriners, the Knights of Pythias, the Elks, the Arctic Brotherhood, the Moose, the Masons of the Knights Templar Orders, the Grotto, the Sojourners' Club, the Tall Cedars of Lebanon of the U. S. A., and the Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm? But, in addition to the lure of old-age, accident, and death benefits, there are certain delights which these mystic fraternities swath in such unctuous terms that the world outside the Inner Realms seems woefully dreary.

Consider what one receives in the Loyal Order of Buffaloes: membership in this "great big, broad-minded, *non-sectarian*, fraternal, sociable, and charitable secret society, a society of good fellows who believe in love, laughter, and the Kingdom of Heaven *on Earth* . . . with a beautiful ritual but no religious observances . . . all for $6 charter initiation and 75 cents a month dues." One hundred and fifty thousand Buffaloes have availed themselves of this obvious bargain.

"The promotion of health, happiness, and long life" is the sole purpose to which the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo has devoted its labors. The annual meetings to consider ways and means of effecting this end convene at nine minutes after nine on the ninth day of the ninth month. All that is asked in return for health, happiness, and long life is an initiation fee of $9.99 and annual dues of $4.99. Or, if self-improvement be your aim, do not overlook the Exalted Society of Order Hounds, established in Chicago in 1919. The name is "a tribute to the faithful hound" and the society, "semi-secret and fraternal, was formed to develop scientific selling methods and higher ideals in the lives of its members."

It takes a true ascetic to resist joining the Order of Alhambra after reading so enticing an account of its activities as appeared in the *K. C. Register* of New York, November 30, 1907:

> Gibel Tarric Caravan, 11, Order of Alhambra, is hastening its preparations for its annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Mecca. The camels are ready and the sands will be warm for the neophytes, who will be initiated on December 7, at the Yorkville Casino. The Caravan met on Saturday evening, November 16, at the Alcazar, 138 East Twenty-seventh Street, and completed arrangements for the coming event. . . . A feast of fun followed the business meeting held in the Alcazar last Saturday night, at which the "Sir Nobles" heartily enjoyed themselves. They had memorized the following anthem, which was sung in chorus:
>
> There's an Order new and it's after you and we are here to warn ye;
> Its Caravans will soon be known from Maine to California.
> We are the boys who make the noise to rouse you from your slumbers;
> We're here, because we're here, because we're good Knights of Columbus.
>
> CHORUS:
>
> We are the Sons of Ham-Ham-Alhambra,
> And we must all salaam to our Grand Commander.
> The pilgrims o'er the burning sands, we'll show some wondrous sights,
> For we extend a big glad hand unto the Neophyte.
> So when you come inside the door, salaam or we'll salaam ye—
> We are the Sons of Ham-Ham-Alhambra.
>
> We organized in Brooklyn, first Abd-er-Rahman, No. 1,
> Our camel winked his other eye and said "Just watch the fun,"
> We built a stately Moorish Mosque—no homely double-decker—
> Puissant captain, line 'em up, and lead 'em on to Mecca.

IV

A lure of secret orders lies in the opportunity to become an officer with a title denoting boundless authority. The universality of majestic titles in fraternal organizations recalls the tale of the dejected lodge-member who, when questioned about the previous night's election, scowled, then muttered that he had been chosen Supreme Exalted Grand Potentate of his lodge. Congratulations irked him,

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He was out of sorts, he said, because in his lodge the office of Supreme Exalted Grand Potentate was lowest in rank.

Accordingly, if you desire to become a Great Incohenee, join the Improved Order of Red Men. Such honor is reserved for only the truly great, but you may at least achieve the Keeper of the Wampum-ship. Would you attain the office of Sublime Augustus, Seignior Tribune, or First Centurion? If so, join the Modern Order of Praetorians. Do you thrill at the thought of being a Most Loyal Gander, Supervisor of the Flock, Custodian of the Goslings, Wielder of the Goose Quill, or Keeper of the Golden Egg? Head straight for one of the "ponds" of the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Blue Goose. Is not Covenanted Knight of Justice a handsome title? Well, try the Order of Rechabites. Ladies, do you aspire to be called "Grand Oracle"? Enlist with the Royal Neighbors of America, 450,000 strong.

There are myriads of less dignified but more facetious titles at the disposal of the fortunate: the Supreme Exalted Bugaboo of the Order of the Bugs; the Sapient Screecher of the Independent Order of the Owls; the Grand High Cur of the Order of Yellow Dogs; the Deputy Head Cheese of the Cheese Club of the Knights of Columbus; the Imperial Chief Mut, Raz Ma Taz, Neffer Kara Dham, Heiro Glyph, and Koph Uptha Kash of the Ancient Order of Muts (patroness, the Egyptian goddess, Mut); the He Goat, Chief Bleater Goat, Chief Wise Goat, and Goat Getter of the Order of Pink Goats; the Senior Hoo-Hoo, the Junior Ditto, the Bojum, Custocatian, Arcanoper, and Jabberwock of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo (restricted to lumbermen and newspapermen); and the Supreme Gu Gu, the Supreme Thrice Infamous Inferior Gu Gu, and the Supreme Lord High Keeper of the Sacred Amphora of the Military Order of the Serpent.

Do you sneeze? If so, there's the United States Hay Fever Association. Are your locks thinning? Remember the Bald Head Club of America. Do you like the radio and dislike swearing? Enrol with both the Royal Order of Wouff-Hong and the Anti-Profanity League. Do you eschew cigars and cigarettes? Get in touch with the National Order of Pipe Smokers. Pipes too? The Non-Smokers' Protective League of America needs you. Would you care to spend your odd moments returning strayed homing pigeons to their owners? There is an international order devoted to this very occupation.

We boast of Sons, Daughters, Masters, Prophets, Prelates, Knights, Brothers, Sisters, Monitors, Patriarchs, Heroines, Warriors, Sentinels, Rangers, Witches, Preceptors, Nobles, and Yeomen of Modern, Ancient, Independent, Honorable, Protective, Exalted, Loyal, Imperial, Mystic, Benevolent, United, Sovereign, Royal, Supreme, and Improved Orders. Do you wish to array yourself in the garb of a Red Man, a High Priest, a Mohammedan, a Knight Templar, a Moor, Abraham, Isaac, Ben Hur, Ivanhoe, a Sheik of the Mosque, a Bagman of Bagdad, or a Prudent Patrician of Pompeii? Say the word and we will fix up the hall. We will tell the boys not to swing too hard on you —but you never can tell what some of them will do.

V

Secret societies, whatever their nationality, color, religion, or purpose, invariably have one thing in common—verbosity. There was never an edict issued by a fraternal organization, whether expelling a member for non-payment of dues, congratulating the Pope on the occasion of his birthday, or announcing a barbecue in the basement of Heptasophs' Hall, that was not couched in grandiloquent language. The lodge member is seldom addressed in words of common usage from the first moment of his initiation to the last moment of his burial service. In Mr. Preuss's dictionary appears an extract from the initiation ceremonies of the Improved Order of Red Men. At the point when the Senior Sagamore rushes at the candidate with uplifted knife, he is intercepted by the Junior Sagamore, as follows:

> *Junior Sagamore:* Hold, Senior! Our Warriors and Braves have decided that the captive shall be tortured at the stake.
>
> *Senior Sagamore:* Prepare your keenest scalping knives and your weightiest war clubs. Our brave Junior Sagamore will superintend the execution.
>
> *Junior Sagamore:* Warriors, prepare for the execution. Braves, make ready and pile high the fagots!

A portion of Father David S. Phelan's exquisite tribute to the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks follows:

> They [the Elks] were a characteristically American body. They felt from the soles of their gaiters to the very roots of their hair that this was the greatest country in the world, and we the greatest people. They made no profession of religion—religion is not distinctively American. . . . The Elk is strong, hardy, brave, lusty. He is independent. He can take care of himself anywhere. He can find a home and plenty wherever he roams, and after shaking the dew of the morning from his shaggy sides and taking a sniff of the sunrise, he is ready for a day's run. He is the ideal of the actor and the commercial traveler.

For the historically minded, it may be of interest to note that the Elks would have been the Moose if some of its founders had been better versed in nature lore. The order, founded in 1866 in New York as a protest against the excise laws that had been passed by the New York Legislature closing saloons and theaters on Sunday, was originally named the "Jolly Corks." The Elks received their present name from a large moose head in Barnum's museum which some of the members took for that of an elk.

VI

Alas, continued growth of orders of sacred animals seems blocked. All that is left for new societies is the Order of Elephants, Skunks, or Anteaters. For the animal kingdom has almost been depleted—we have existing orders of Bears, Beavers, Blue Geese, Buffaloes, Bugs, Camels, Cooties, Deer, Dogs (Big and Houn'), Eagles (Red and Golden), Elks, Fleas, Goats (also Pink), Go-Hawks, Larks, Lions, Monkeys, Moose, Mules, Orioles, Owls, Red Roosters, Reindeer, Serpents, Shrimps, Stags, Western Bees, White Rabbits, and White Rats. So it seems unlikely that further animal orders will add to the gaiety of this nation.

But, hold, what is this? Frank E. Campbell speaking. He founded a new order in New York in 1923. "The order is non-sectarian and has high ideals. We have Moose, Elks, Eagles, Owls, and what not—now the field of botany has been opened with the Order of Bananas."

Three cheers and six salaams for Bunch No. 1, New York plantation! May it prove to be the forerunner of the Sons and Daughters of the Shrinking Violet, the Courageous Caliphs of the Cauliflower, and the Specious Spartans of the Honorable Order of Spinach.

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How Anatole France Turned Against the War

By PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER

IT was the war that brought me to know Anatole France. In July, 1914, there were a handful of men, old and young, whom the torrent had not swept along. It caught up our bodies, scattered us through hospitals and trenches during the days of mobilization, but it did not rob us of a clear and cruel understanding of realities. To say that we were already what we were destined to become would be exaggerating. Christian socialists, disciples of Jaurès or Sorel, orthodox Marxists, or simply readers of Norman Angell, we were held together by a common bond: our belief in the economic causes of the war and our conviction that no one nation was alone responsible. We were pacifists.

Anatole France was a jacobin and a humanist. The humanist loved peace; the jacobin coquetted with war. For him, as for Hervé, Guesde, and the official Socialists, the word "patriot" had the same meaning as in 1793. It took the war to reveal sentimental jacobinism as an outworn, not to say reactionary, doctrine.

To Raymond Lefebvre and myself the work of Anatole France had been the delight of our student days. We had admired his attitude during the Dreyfus case; his literary tenderness for the misery of the people, his skeptical indulgence, the purity of his style, and his rich historical equipment had always charmed us. But it was the humanist that attracted rather than the jacobin. Besides, his dimension as an author seemed to us too international to shrink to a narrow nationalism that Voltaire himself would have detested.

And yet Anatole France yielded to the war. He heard again the drumbeat of '93. He let himself be carried away by a wind of sonorous phrases at which he would have been the first to smile on the eve of the conflict. At one time he even spoke of volunteering for military service.

"It was with a feeling of intellectual orphanage that we learned of your resolution," Raymond Lefebvre told him in 1916. Lefebvre had gone to Antibes to talk with France in the name of our group, which already included Barbusse, Richet, E. D. Morel, and Romain Rolland, and aimed at the reconciliation of the intellectuals of the warring countries, an idea that later culminated in the review *Clarté*.

Both of us were wounded at the same time—Lefebvre before Verdun, I in Champagne. Our convalescence brought us together in a little town of the Tarn, where, with a sort of mystic enthusiasm, we laid the foundations of our project. We decided that we must win over Anatole France; so Lefebvre set out to conquer the old master. The first contact was far from discouraging. Anatole France bore without impatience the eager attack of the young writer. His moment of war enthusiasm was already long past. He had begun to doubt. Military law weighed on him. He found the censor revolting. Official lies and stupidities irritated his critical sense. Our plan awakened his curiosity; he was willing to talk with us.

"The battle will be difficult," Raymond Lefebvre wrote me after his visit, "but I am confident we will win him."

One spring day in 1917—both of us on furlough—Raymond Lefebvre and I climbed the steps to the apartment that Anatole France had rented for a few days at the Hotel Powers. A sunny room; Anatole France by the chimney-place, cordial and debonair. It was the first time that I had seen him. A long face, long nose—features lengthened even more by a pointed white beard. And all his Renaissance physiognomy animated by mobile little eyes, malicious and prodigiously young. Around him, a flutter of lovely ladies whose names I have forgotten, looking as if they had just stepped from "L'Orme du Mail" or "L'Anneau d'Améthyste." There were few men—only one or two, as I remember—and their new uniforms, magnificently tailored, contrasted painfully with our own—patched and faded, yellowed with chalk-dust and chemicals, from which blood-stains had only just been washed away.

Immediately we understood that Anatole France both cherished and despised his milieu—a lifelong struggle between voluptuous comfort and generous peril. We felt sure that certain lovely ladies were there not so much for their own delectation as to surround the skeptical philosopher with official optimism and hold him captive by their charm. Anatole France had not enlisted in the infantry, but he remained a voluntary prisoner of all that his reason condemned.

"Real combatants at last!" were his welcoming words. "Here in our little circle we have heard much conversation on the war. But the testimony that reaches us has too often the aspect of those official accounts made by the chroniclers of great monarchs. It bears the earmarks of preoccupations foreign, no doubt, to those of humble combatants. At all times one species of mankind had been destined to destruction in order that a few privileged beings might record their history. Heroism—hm—here are real heroes, *Mesdames*. Perhaps they will tell us what they think of heroism in the trenches!"

His malicious little eyes sparkled.

Nothing loath, we told a few war stories. We spoke of fear and of that flight forward that is called "attack." With all the moving power that was his my companion evoked the slow butchery of the hospitals, the hammer-blows of Verdun, and the daze of the apprentice-cadavers.

The old man drank in his words. The analyst, the historian was overjoyed. He had discovered that rare document—living evidence.

"And what of hatred?" he inquired. "Tell me, do you hate the enemy?"

"*Mais non!* Hatred is a sentiment that belongs to the Rear!"

Anatole France darted about him a look of mischievous triumph. The effect of my companion's words was instantaneous. At first, the lovely ladies had listened to the "heroes" with the sensual pity that was then playing such havoc with the conjugal state. As the young soldier continued their attitude changed. They wore little airs of shocked dignity. It was evident that they considered themselves infinitely more noble and more Spartan than the speaker. The war—a thing of blood and mud. That was too much. The lovely ladies seemed about to stop their noses with their little lace handkerchiefs. War could not be like that! They turned away. What an odd fancy of

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the master to draw out two such maniacs of defeatism!

A young man who was vaguely something in the "automobiles"—at the intrenched camp of Paris—broke into the conversation. He spoke of a book. One of the lovely ladies remembered a rendezvous. There was a flutter in the little group—a chorus of "dear master" and little words of leave-taking.

But the dear master was not to be put off so easily. The stories of the two soldiers had flattered his longing for peace and filled him with delicious terror. He had vastly enjoyed the perturbation we had caused, taken delight in the rout of his associates. Drawing us aside, he whispered with his fingers to his lips and an air of great secrecy:

"Tell more . . . and worse!" Then turning toward a group of persons who seemed about to leave—"*Belles mesdames*, stay a little longer. These gentlemen have certainly other dreadful stories with which to regale us!"

I had to go to Touraine to understand what an immense weight Anatole France was forced to lift each time that action demanded. It was in 1917. Painlevé was Prime Minister. The spring offensive had mowed down 37,000 men in the Chemin des Dames. There was agitation among the metal workers at the rear; murmurs of revolt came from the front. The censor redoubled his severity. We decided that it was time to call on the old master and remind him of our conversation of the winter before. He was then at the Bêchellerie. I took advantage of a furlough from the front to make the trip.

No one better than Monsieur Bergeret knew how to receive a guest. In the museum that was his house he welcomed me like a studious son and led me from marvel to marvel. Each fresh object called forth an anecdote. From the charming epitaph of the child Septentrion to the story, a trifle daring, by which the master demonstrated that a lady in order to be amiable should be possessed of a certain embonpoint, he passed from ancient history to comments audacious and personal.

Our lunch was delightful—wine of Touraine, choice food, gay conversation. I had come charged with explosives—the Russian revolution then beginning, the bloody failure of the April offensive, the revolt stirring along the French lines. Like an acid, delicate but corrosive, the charm of the milieu slowly wore away my resolves. Here we were living again in 1914. Nothing had changed. The mighty past imposed itself upon us like a release, blessed but tyrannic.

After coffee we walked in the garden. The undulating hills of Touraine, the soft faraway blue, the calm of the graveled paths, the shadow of the trees, the sun on walls and roof, all called to repose and philosophic dialogue.

The humming of a distant airplane tore me suddenly toward other horizons. The master had not yet heard it. He spoke of the theater and of the women of the stage. He retailed an anecdote concerning Mlle Mars. Suddenly he stopped. Pointing with his finger toward a little black dot in the sky, he said:

"The Americans! They streak the air from morning till night. Sometimes they fall and kill themselves, but there is much more peril for them in frequenting the ladies of Tours. The *mal français* makes terrible ravages. *C'est la guerre.* There are two ways of waging war—the one that Barbusse recounts in 'Le Feu' and this. No people has ever loved war, for everyone prefers to remain at home. However, there can be no doubt that the occupation of foreign lands, with its normal accompaniment of pillage and rape, absolute or relative, offers a singular attraction. We grow too compassionate of the fate of combatants such as those who fly above our heads. For if it is true that they risk much through the frequentations of the occupation they also find pleasure here!"

This terrible badinage had dissipated the charm of Touraine. Suddenly, with passion, Anatole France began to question me. . . .

During 1918 the Villa Saïd, the Bêchellerie, and the Hotel d'Orsay—where the master stayed during his brief visits to Paris—became meeting-places for pacifists and revolutionaries. Disciples of Wilson and of Lenin met there and discussed. The intimates of Anatole France—in Paris, Longuet, Crucy, Rappoport; in Tours, Doctor Mignon and others whom I have forgotten—spoke words that elsewhere would have brought them before a court martial. They tore to bits the Clemenceau Ministry, spoke of generals without reverence, followed with panting eagerness the slightest symptoms of peace, and discussed the probability of a world revolution.

The lovely ladies still came, but they, too, had changed—or perhaps they had merely become resigned to what they considered the political caprices of the old master. Of his associates France loved Rappoport for his wit, his culture, and the astonishing accent of his sallies; seen through him, the Russian revolution seemed full of savor.

Anatole France was by that time an avowed champion of peace. But still he hesitated to make a public statement. As the war was not yet ended, the jacobin still preserved scruples concerning national defense.

It was only after the armistice, in December, 1918, that he gave his signature to our project of international reconciliation of the intellectuals. Paris was wearing that air of festivity of the first months of peace. Before leaving for the South, Anatole France, who had just come from Tours, stopped at the Hotel d'Orsay. It was there that I found him in a room crowded with packages and valises. Never had he looked more alert and hearty. He seemed younger, transformed. A crowd of friends filled the little room. He went from one to the other, speaking with animation. I complimented him on his appearance.

"It is peace," he said. "Men are no longer killing each other. I have no love for war, as you know—and I hate danger," he added with a smile.

Not wishing to detain him, I held out our manifesto, with which he was already acquainted.

"You will sign it?"

"Of course," he answered, seizing a pen. "You see . . . there is no longer any danger." And he looked at me with a smile of malice for his conscious cynicism.

After remaining for two years in the ranks of communism, Anatole France left it for the democracy of Herriot. It was the Government of the Bloc des Gauches that buried him with pomp.

For my part, I remain profoundly attached to the memory of the old man whom everything separated from my generation, but whose hatred of the war helped to bring him for a time close to extremists and fanatics. I cannot think without emotion of the old Anacreon, freeing himself for a moment from the gentle tyranny of Touraine and formulating, beside the survivors that we were, the terrible hopes of the soldier-proletariat.

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"Socialism" in Britain and America*

By JOHN A. HOBSON

NOBODY really loves the state or its government. No business man, few workers, or other members of the community, at any rate in Britain or America, want any more governmental interference than seems indispensable. As a result of the war (itself the most concentrated and extreme state socialism) governments as business instruments are everywhere discredited—probably beyond the merits of the case. The popular nineteenth-century propaganda for wholesale state ownership and operation of "all the means of production, distribution, and exchange," has no substantial appeal to the labor or any other elements in Britain, though it still figures sometimes on platforms and programs as a pious formula. The trade unionists who form the vast majority of the British Labor Party are neither in heart nor head state socialists, in any sense that corresponds to the formula. Their economics is one of local trade autonomy, qualified by certain limited measures of state aid and regulation. With good-humored indifference they allow a small energetic minority of I. L. P. or other "Socialists" to represent them at congresses and to commit them formally to large propositions about which they understand and care nothing. But the I. L. P. and other little "revolutionary" groups do not really stand for the orthodox policy of state socialism. The day when citizens and workers seemed willing to intrust the conduct of state or municipal undertakings to the unfettered will of elected or appointed officials has gone by. It is partly the result of experience in showing how difficult it is for the general public, either as consumers, workers, or citizens, to control officialdom; partly the displacement of revolutionary ideas by evolutionary opportunism among the thinking leaders. But chiefly it is the growth, under the stimuli of trade unionism, guild socialism, and syndicalism, of a demand for new modes of industrial government in which the employed shall everywhere have a voice or even a control of the conditions of employment, and perhaps some property or vested interest in the business to which they contribute their labor.

All this movement as yet is vague and inchoate, but it is making experimental advances along various roads. Nor does it find a wholly unfavorable reception in capitalist and employing quarters. In England, the classic land of compromise, there is among large numbers of employers a growing disposition to make large concessions from the earlier absolutism. In an increasing number of trades the practice of collective bargaining is accompanied by the setting up of a machinery of common consultation between representatives of employers and employed upon matters of common interest. The Whitley Councils, providing for such common action in the several works, district and national industries, have been in effect a large extension of practices long established in many of the textile, metal, and other organized trades. They stand not merely for settlement of wages, hours, and other "disputes," but for concerted active policies in the improvement of trade methods. True, they constitute as yet no formal curtailment of the financial or administrative control by the employer, but as these managerial functions clearly influence conditions of employment, the earlier limitations of Whitleyism must evidently yield to a fuller measure of cooperation. If, as is evidenced in a few more liberal businesses, workers' representatives, as directors or otherwise, are admitted into the inner managerial circle, it seems evident that we are heading along a road far removed from socialism.

One further capitalist concession advocated by a few liberal employers deserves attention, being more radical than any of the others. Why not withdraw the sting or stigma of "profiteering" from a business by putting its capital upon a minimum subsistence basis, already done so far as debenture capital is concerned? Or else, a judicious compromise upon the extreme proposal, why not fix minimum rates of interest on capital and minimum rates of wages for labor, and then by common consent of the two parties distribute any surplus in an agreed proportion between capitalist and worker?

The prime indispensable condition for such experiments in pacific cooperation between capital and labor is the strong organization of both parties, trades unions and big business working together in amity for a common cause. But what cause? The public? The least reflection serves to show that separate trade combinations of capital and labor can of themselves furnish no solution of the graver economic problems, and might open up new modes of social conflict. An era of private combination may be as costly, wasteful, and dangerous to the public as the era of private competition it displaces. The capital and labor in well-organized industries controlling the prime necessaries of life or trade, such key industries as railroads, mining, power, iron and steel, banking, are evidently in a position to extract preferential terms for their capital and labor from other industries and the consuming public. Already there are clear indications in Britain of a disposition on the part of capital and labor in strong sheltered trades to secure for themselves gainful conditions, partly at the expense of other trades exposed to competition in the world market, and partly at the expense of the consumer.

The loose notion that capital and labor can get together for the settlement of their disputes and for operation of the industry in their common interest without danger to other trades and the consuming public is a puerile optimism. Either combined capital, or combined labor, still more a joint combine, in mines or electric power could evidently blackmail the nation in fixing rates and prices and limiting supplies. They need not do so in the blatant manner of the highwayman. But they would be in a position to decide what reasonable rates, reasonable profits, reasonable wages were and to impose them. The necessity of some common arrangements among the diverse industries to obviate their policy of separate pulls and to give security to the consumer led the British Government to summon a National Industrial Council in 1919, in order to devise a policy of industrial peace and progress. When the tension of the post-war situation slackened this project lapsed.

* This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Hobson on modern economic problems. The first two, appearing in *The Nation* for March 18 and April 1, were entitled: The Cry for Productivity and The Limited Market.

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But no intelligent politicians or business men in Britain believe, whatever their desire, that the state can leave the public unprotected to the mercy or generosity of strong combines of capital or labor or both.

Everyone is agreed that if the ownership and operation of mines, railroads, and power be left in private hands, drastic control by the state will be required. In these and other virtual monopolies the policy of state control moves in four directions:

1. Satisfactory conditions of employment as regards wages, hours, provisions against unemployment, etc.
2. Regulation of prices and rates in the interest of users and consumers.
3. Limitations of profits by taxation of the surplus.
4. Standardized publicity of accounts to secure an informed public opinion.

Socialism in Britain is just now halting at this stage. But the unpopularity of state interference and officialism cannot stay the tide. If adequate protection for the general public can be got by state control along these lines, public ownership and operation may be averted. It is just here that the new liberalism of Britain separates itself from the socialism of labor. Liberals believe in the efficiency of this publicity and limited control by the state, though they do not formally disclaim all public ownership. Their position is stated in the following resolution adopted by the National Liberal Federation in 1921 and 1923:

> That the nationalization of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange is inadvisable as tending to destroy freedom, check initiative, and impoverish the people; but that certain industries and services may be advantageously nationalized or municipalized, each case being considered on its merits.

This really means that only in case publicity and control fail to secure the people against the extortionate conduct of private profit-seeking corporations will public ownership be favored. Even among conservatives no sentimental or theoretic objections against socialism would preclude support for the nationalization of mines and railroads if control proved ineffective and fair terms of public purchase were offered.

The real issue, then, is not between socialism and free private enterprise, but between public ownership and public control. If a Labor Government with a working majority comes into power in Britain, its socialism upon the side of nationalization would extend to a few key industries—mines, railroads, electricity, banking, and insurance. Through these and the government taxing power it would endeavor to make private enterprise in ordinary trade conformable to the public interest. Its other sides of socialism would be the imposition of minimum standard conditions for all workers and the development of educational and other opportunities of personal freedom.

If the present anti-socialist Government in Britain were wise and foresighted it would do all in its power to develop a system of effective state control. But the profiteering business interests will probably make this impossible. So the grip of strong combines, with concessions to favored groups of workers, will mark this era of reaction; preparing the way for a vigorous period of labor socialism in the not distant future.

How far the American movement corresponds with the British in general outline I will not pretend to judge. Distrust of the state is far more widespread and deep-rooted in America. Autocracy in political or industrial government seems more easily accepted or less resented. The idea that the big-business man, who is "doing things" in railroading, finance, or manufacture, should submit to serious interference, on the ground that he is arbitrarily ruling the lives of thousands of workers or citizens, or is making too much money, seems to have little purchase on the public mind. There is, I think, a marked difference between public opinion in America and Britain which may be illustrated by an example. In England there is a genuine and wide acceptance of the doctrine that undeveloped natural resources should "belong to" the public, and that, even if private enterprise participates in their development, their value should accrue to the public. As regards mineral rights, industrial power, future site, and other land values, not only labor men and liberals but many conservatives would assent to this public policy. This involves not merely control but ownership, i.e., the conservation to the people of specific property rights. How far is this doctrine accepted in America?

Not only does socialism in the limited British sense of nationalized railroads, mines, etc., seem ruled out as a practicable policy, but the reality both of conservation and control appears to have no recognition in the ruling class. Let me cite Mr. Hoover as a capable, fair-minded exponent of this plank of good Americanism. First we are told that "we are passing from a period of extreme individualistic action into a period of associated activities," i.e., competition gives way to combination. Then we learn, "It is the business of government to regulate and control, not to manage or operate." The best case is power, the prime source of modern industrial life. Power is a natural product and as such might be conceived as "belonging to" the community. Moreover, as Mr. Hoover says, "Power development is a public utility. Its purpose is social service." What, then, would Mr. Hoover do with this "public utility"? Hand it over to private companies whose "purpose" is profit, not "social service," leave them free to operate it, without imposing "unnecessary restrictions on power development" or the hampering policy of "a general survey of power resources" or "imposition of excessive taxation." Not only is the state to keep off its interfering hands; it is to bestow upon these private companies its public powers. "Public utility companies are agents of the state and as such should have, under proper safeguards and on the certificate of 'appropriate authorities,' the right to acquire power sites and transmission rights of way in the same manner as the state itself—by the exercise of the 'power of eminent domain.'" Are intelligent Americans satisfied with the ability of this doctrine of agency, its "safeguards" and "appropriate authorities," to protect the American people against the intrusion of other purposes than "social service" into the operation of this key industry, endowed thus gratuitously with the free run of national and legal monopoly? I know what is at the back of Mr. Hoover's mind. It is the curious psychological mixture that seizes all business men in the face of big profitable opportunities. It runs into these shapes of thought and feeling: (1) We can do it better than any public body, and the less the public interferes the better we can do it. (2) We shall make big money, but this is a necessary stimulus to high initiative and energy. (3) We shall give the public good and cheap service, for the conditions of large, profitable output will compel and enable us to charge low rates.

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The first two propositions are genuine beliefs, the last is a false "rationalization," which every trained economist can at once detect, though it lies ineradicable in the business mind.

I would end this tentative inquiry with a question on the nature of the government control and regulation, proposed as the limits of state intervention in industry. Can control be made effective without so much inquisition into costings, so much legal and enforced regulation of labor conditions and of prices, so much publicity and detail of accounts, as seriously to interfere with the free management of the business? Those who rule out on principle all public ownership and operation of the national resources of materials and power, and hand them over to private companies, are under an obligation to put some clearer meaning into the terms "control" and "regulation" upon which they rely for securing the interests of the people against abuses of the monopoly powers which their policy must generate.

In Britain a slow but steady and insistent movement is making for public ownership of these industries, combined with a machinery of operation in which the knowledge and interests of the business staffs, technicians, and manual workers shall be duly represented, though the state, in which the property is vested, shall have a final voice in decisions.

This I hold to be a natural outcome of the principle of self-government in British life. It involves a certain sort of guarded confidence in the state and electoral institutions. Possibly in the United States that measure of confidence does not exist and is unattainable. But in that case it is difficult to understand how Mr. Hoover and his business friends can hope to persuade the American people that the difficult and intricate task of public control and regulation will be honestly and effectively exercised. Or does it come to this, that the American people are willing to accept from big business such public services as are consistent with the profit-seeking motive, believing that this moderately benevolent autocracy will do better for them than they can hope to do for themselves?

Do Americans Speak English?

By JOHN ERSKINE

[*This subject was discussed at* The Nation's *dinner at the Fifth Avenue Restaurant in New York City on February 13 by John Erskine, Carl Van Doren, William Hard, and Arthur Warner. The following article is Professor Erskine's written version of his speech on that occasion.*]

IN a sense, it is of little importance whether we do or not. Some of our neighbors like to say we do, but when we hear an Englishman speak he seems not to be an American. Yet we get the gist of what he says. Others try to convince us that we speak an American language, and they prove their case by citing all the words and phrases which some of us use and no Englishman uses, and by ignoring the far larger group of words and phrases which we and the Englishman use in common. Yet there are also expressions familiar to Englishmen and not to us; are they alone what constitutes the English language? In the United States as in England every large district or city has at least a few expressions not used elsewhere. It is a harmless but comparatively unilluminating pastime to study a language exclusively in its fringes, as Mr. Mencken likes to do; and a fine poet like William Barnes has the right, doubtless, to bury his talent in a dialect, if he wishes that kind of obscurity. Mr. John Weaver is going the same path through the local and personal slang which to him, when he writes, is the American language. But Mr. Mencken and Mr. Weaver do not, I believe, talk the language they call American; they speak a very good—as we careless folk would say—English. It's the language we speak that counts, in life and in literature—so much so that the great men in literature have usually tried to bring the written word into harmony with the spoken, instead of encouraging an exclusive language to write in.

For the average person the important thing is to speak as well as he can the best language he and his hearers know. The philosophical person may also find it important to compare his speech with that of others presumably in the same tongue, to discover if his own usage might be improved. I assume that we Americans speak English, and I concede that we do not speak it as the English do, not even in those parts of our vocabulary which are common to both peoples. I should like to note some of the differences, and to ask what they mean.

Not the differences in words, I repeat. No two of us in New York, no two in London, use an identical vocabulary. Words, anyway, are the last things the civilized will attend to. Perhaps we ought to notice them, but we rarely do. When we are learning to talk, as babies in our own language or as adults in a foreign tongue, we have to work our way syllable by syllable, but when we have a mastery of speech we express ourselves and understand others largely through the tune, the accent, the rising and falling of the voice. When we call out a question to someone in another room, we can tell the answer if we can hear the tune of it; the words don't matter. How embarrassing it is to try our knowledge of a foreign language in the land where it belongs, and to discover that the natives seem not to be saying any of the individual words we got out of the dictionary. Our impression is correct; the man who speaks his own tongue is talking less in words than in a tune. But since the tune can't be written down, we can't find it outside of the spoken word.

Though they use the same words, the Englishman and the American do not speak the same tune. Why they don't, I haven't the faintest idea. But again I am disposed not to worry about it, for though the English tune is pretty to my ear, it often brings the accent of the sentence into conflict with the logic of it, and in an ideal language I should think the accent and the logic would coincide. "Household," "housekeeper," "housewife"—in such classes of words the distinguishing part ought logically to be accented. In Greek—not a bad language—we should say "household," "housekeéper," not "hoúsehold," "hoúsekeeper." In so far as the American accent moves in a logical direction, we may be reconciled to our ignorance of the English tune. There is the same conflict between logic and tune in longer phrases, in whole sentences. When an Englishman wishes to give the effect of a strong negative, he emphasizes the positive

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element in the sentence. The Irish, who seem to the English illogical, emphasize the negative. "Is Mrs. Smith at home?" "She is *not*," says the Irish maid. "She *isn't*," says the English one. To English ears the Irish tune, in that case, sounds abrupt, and it says not a negative but a discourtesy. I fear we Americans shall always have some difficulty in understanding the English—not when they write, but when they speak; for many of the cadences which mean to them friendly solicitude are the very tunes we are accustomed to use to express superciliousness and contempt.

Coleridge pointed out that logic sometimes gets the better of an Englishman, when he is off his guard, and spoils his tune, and even makes a serious statement seem ridiculous. In church, he said in his "Table Talk," he had often heard clergymen read the first chapters of Genesis with an intonation prompted by logic but giving the effect of incredulity. "And God said, let there be light. And there *was* light"—strange to say! The proper English tune would suppress the important verb, and emphasize the noun. "God said, let there be light. And there was *light*."

If we have observed the strange effect that the English tune makes upon our ears, we can understand why some of the younger generation find it hard to appreciate the music of great English verse. As a matter of fact, they haven't heard it. They read their Tennyson or their Keats, their Byron or their Shelley, set to an American tune. It is not surprising, after all, that Shakespeare rarely fares well on our stage, since our actors and actresses, no matter how beautifully they pronounce his words (of course, not as he pronounced them), are almost completely at sea as to the larger melody of the verse. It is not surprising that thoughtful American poets should be consciously trying to write in the American tune, in the shorter cadences most of us use. For that reason I've thought that the free-verse movement of a few years ago was chiefly important as disclosing our taste in speech, our positive, declarative sentences laid down line by line, our neglect of qualifying clauses, the monotony of our tune. For in the matter of the tune we have departed not only from the English but from our earlier selves. To my ears the tune of Walt Whitman, the long-phrased, varied, sinuous tune, is the tune of Lincoln in the Gettysburg Address. The tune of Miss Lowell's verse seems to me the tune of Roosevelt's prose.

The first complaint I should make against our speech is that it is horribly monotonous—it hasn't tune enough. Perhaps you might say that the immigrant races other than English have mastered the words, but have wiped out the tune altogether. That theory doesn't account for the awful level on which the New England voice can move in its purest moments of tradition. Are we losing our ear? Is language for us an appeal only to the eye? After a century of silent drama on the films, shall we be able to hear anything? Our deafness shows in two chief ways: we have little ear for the tune, for rhythm, for cadence—and we have less than the average ear for words. Perhaps our failing sense of rhythm made us grateful to free verse. We first lost the sense of rhythm in line-ends and line-beginnings; there was no longer much point in printing the lines. Since the ear no longer was a sure guide to the phrase and the sentence, it was a blessing to have those matters arranged for the eye, which still serves us.

If we have little sense of word-color, we may comfort ourselves; a sense for words is rare. Man uses words as mere counters or symbols; he also uses them for their own sake, as sounds of possible beauty. We might suppose that the word itself would come first, and the symbolic meaning afterward, but it seems to be the other way. In language as in the other arts it seems to be only the born artist who cares first for the medium. An interest in pure color would be one symptom of a gift for painting, but only the most cultivated public will care for a picture which is merely a harmony of colors. Only at the climax of their culture will people delight in beautiful sounds. When they pass that point, they are going down hill. Whether we have passed that point, or have never reached it, at least we are not there at the moment. The ear rarely guides us to a correct pronunciation. In New York we say "ínquiry" and "vágary"; if we are told that these words are "inquíry" and "vagáry," we try to change our habits, but we probably do not feel the greater beauty of the correct sounds. The children rebuke us here; they like good sounds—until we kill off their good taste. In my time I've committed that kind of murder, and remorse always assails me when I think of it.

Years ago I was correcting some freshmen themes, and George Edward Woodberry was sitting in my room. "Here's the worst essay I've ever read," I said. "This boy hasn't an idea in his head. He simply makes loops of language." It was true enough—he had no ideas. But he had a genius for lovely sounds.

After a moment Mr. Woodberry said, "What mark did you give him?"

"I told him to rewrite the essay."

"Why?"

"Because he had no ideas."

"Oh, then the others whom you marked well all had ideas?"

I had to admit they had no ideas; few freshmen have. "But that florid language annoys me."

"I see," said Mr. Woodberry. "That boy has one symptom of a gift for writing—the others have none. If he will abandon his one gift, you will mark him high, as you have marked the others."

The production of good sounds is a physical matter, to be learned as soon as we are interested in it. When we Americans study singing, we learn to make the sounds in the right way, and we profit by the knowledge so long as we are singing. When we talk, we are as bad as ever. Perhaps. We are probably ashamed to make as pleasant sounds as we could, among our own people; they would miss the beauty and suspect a social pretension.

But perhaps this question of our speech, which seems to be a matter of the head, will be solved through our feet. We are devoted in this country to dancing, and through that art we may become sensitive to all the other arts. The question of speech is a question of rhythm; good writing is a question of rhythm. If we attain complete sanity in our bodily life, no fear but we shall gradually come to a feeling for lovely speech. We may be encouraged by what is going on in the elementary schools, where our youngest children are taught to draw with rhythm, to model with rhythm, to sing, to dance, and to act rhythmically. Those children speak rather better than we do; their virtues may creep up on us little by little, until we own a speech not to be mistaken for anyone else's, a speech pleasant to listen to, full of fine sounds. Full of ideas, too, let us hope. But if not, there are many great ideas already in the world, and not nearly enough beauty.

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Tyranny and Torture in Venezuela

By LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN

IT is a habit in the United States to regard Latin-American despotisms as comic opera. Whatever justification that attitude may have in some cases, it has none in the present situation of Venezuela. There are plenty of comedians on the stage, to be sure, but the play is a tragic representation of the ruthless sacrifice of liberty, supposedly on the altar of prosperity. A strong, ignorant, stupid, cruel peasant, who knows how to drive peons and run a farm, has ruled relentlessly for sixteen years—during the last eleven of which his rule has been as unconditionally arbitrary in Venezuela as that of a boss on a peon-worked acreage—and has achieved the following results: an almost total destruction of political, civil, and personal freedom and self-respect among the Venezuelan people; the stabilization of the finances of the republic; the moral and physical crippling through imprisonment and torture of much of what was best and some of what was worst in Venezuelan political and intellectual life; the construction of several important highways that have released to the cities and the sea a considerable part of the country's great natural wealth and which, in case of a successful revolution, would facilitate a tyrant's escape from the wrath of his people; the near and perhaps total annulment of whatever potentialities the Venezuelan people had for the decencies of government; a reasonable security from free-lance highwaymen on the roads; the abject fear in which all residents live of finding themselves suddenly in La Rotunda with iron balls chained to their ankles and the most abhorrent tortures inflicted upon their bodies; the guaranty enjoyed by foreign capital against changes of government and a consequent increase in the exploitation of natural resources; a decrease in population.

Juan Vicente Gomez is the name of the man responsible for these achievements. He rules by terror and corruption, the terror being so effective that the corruption must be accounted a luxury—a manner both of feeling benevolent and of reaffirming his contempt for the doctors of law, doctors of philosophy, generals, internationally known intellectuals, and other poor devils that surround him. His personal interference with the lives and property of his subjects is thorough, and includes the arrest of rival candidates for the presidency, the suppression of newspapers advocating such candidacies, the punishment of notaries who handle property transactions that Gomez for reasons of his own does not wish to be made, and—in a case that came to my knowledge first-hand—the reversal of a decision by a municipal judge granting damages of about forty dollars to a hotel-keeper against a Spanish journalist whose silence Gomez hoped to purchase in this absurd fashion. In his kindly moments Gomez exiles his enemies and retains their families as hostages against the possibility of propaganda in foreign countries.

The demoralization of the people, high and low, is the most disastrous effect of the dictatorship. Men intellectually a hundred measures above Gomez cannot get along except through abasement and histrionics. Among the intellectual and professional men that remain in the country the level of self-esteem is at a muddy ebb. It is impossible to advance by ability, strength, or creativeness. The road to triumph and fortune, even to security, lies through adulation, simulation, negation of personality.

In November, 1908, Cipriano Castro went to Berlin for a surgical operation. Gomez, who owned prosperous farmlands in Táchira and had helped Castro financially and in a military way in his campaigns, held the vice-presidency. On December 19 a bloodless *cuartelazo* placed Gomez at the head of the nation. He had the army actively, and civil opinion tacitly, behind him—not to mention the ever-present United States. Castro's infantile dramatization of himself as a local Napoleon had got the country into trouble with a number of Powers. People wanted to get rid of him, and they saw in Gomez a stupider and milder man, one whom it would be easy to scrap later on. In 1909 the constitution was amended to legalize Castro's overthrow and to provide for elections. During most of his first and only legal period of office—1910-1914—I know of no accusation brought against Gomez worse than those brought against the executives of most Latin-American countries.

He had been consolidating his power. Relatives of his had suddenly or slowly attained controlling positions in the several states and in the army. The 1909 constitution allowed only one presidential term. R. Arévalo González, owner of *El Pregonero*, opened the campaign of 1913 by enumerating editorially the merits of Dr. Felix Montes, a lawyer who had not mixed in active politics, and proposing him for the presidency. That evening the offices and shop of *El Pregonero* were taken over by the military and Arévalo González was entombed in La Rotunda, where, save for a brief parenthesis of freedom, he has remained. Dr. Montes took refuge in one of the legations and succeeded in escaping to Curaçao, whence he passed to Porto Rico.

An uprising occurred toward the northwestern frontier. Castro was said to be implicated in it; Venezuelan exiles claim that it was a put-up job—and either version is likely enough. Gomez "declared himself in campaign against the enemies of the republic," decreed martial law, and stopped the elections. From the campaign he returned triumphant, of course; but he announced that the country was not pacified, and let it go at that. Came an opportune consultation from the several states and municipalities, which now had neither legal governments nor a legal way of providing them. The executive answered the consultation saying that it was in the power of the states themselves to reform the constitution. The states (i. e., Gomez) named representatives who met and approved a "constitutional statute" (1914), which went into effect at once and served until the new constitution became "valid" one year later. Under the constitutional statute, Gomez was made commander-in-chief of the army and V. Marquez Bustillos, his incomparable biographer, provisional president, the object of the puerile maneuver being to avoid the appearance that Gomez was succeeding himself. The new regular constitution extended the presidential term to seven years and placed no ban on reelection. When the time came Gomez was elected unanimously. It is worthy of note that all posts and alleged distinctions conferred upon Gomez during his rule have been

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undisturbed by a single dissenting vote, a fact which, in the light of Washington's and Bolívar's lack of unanimous support, seems damning.

But Gomez decided to stay in Maracay with his beasts, his crops, and the daughter who, significantly, prepares his food. He seems to be superior to the human environment of sycophancy he himself has created, and he much prefers the society of his pigs and cows at Maracay to that of his ministers and deputies at Caracas.

In 1922 Gomez was reelected, unanimously as usual, under still another constitution that allows him two vice-presidencies, which he immediately filled with a brother and a son. The brother was murdered in the early hours of the 28th of June, 1923. Gomez forbade an autopsy. A sentry was shot for saying that he had seen the son enter the palace at one o'clock in the morning. At the beginning of 1923 the two vice-presidents, four state governors, three state lieutenant governors, one chief of frontier, and many minor officials were of the Gomez family.

The methods employed by Gomez to suppress opinion and action against his rule are a more serious charge against him than his absurd legalistic devices. The exiles, who are, and can be, the only avowed opposition to Gomez, write passionately of arbitrary imprisonments, of abhorrent tortures in La Rotunda, in the castles of San Carlos and Puerto Cabello. The exiles in Porto Rico, Colombia, Madrid, New York, men who come out of eight, ten, twelve years of darkness to find that a European war has taken place, or that it is over, tell identical stories of outrage. Foreigners who have lived in Venezuela on close terms with the people assert as coolly as is possible what the exiles assert burningly. There is no other proof of what happens in Venezuela; there can be no other as yet. To investigate there is to risk at least one's liberty. And if investigations were made, official documents mean nothing—a death certificate, say, does not prove that the person mentioned in it is dead, nor does the lack of it prove the contrary.

Every man and woman who is not a declared opponent of the "government" lives in terror of displeasing it by the mildest action out of the ordinary. When the Pan-American Federation of Labor was being organized, principally by members of the A. F. of L., it was found impossible to obtain the adherence of a single Venezuelan worker *in New York*, though I happen to know that many were personally approached. "The situation in Venezuela . . ." they invariably explained, "the step might be misunderstood." (This attitude on the part of workingmen is fortunately disappearing.) But no one who lives in, or has to return to, Venezuela will sign an affidavit for you.

From a pamphlet by José Rafael Pocaterra, a distinguished young novelist, himself a former inmate of La Rotunda and a man whose honor is believed to be unimpeachable by all save his avowed enemies, I take the following charges, which do not aggregate more than one-tenth of those made in its forty pages (I have his sworn affidavit authenticating every charge in his pamphlet):

On July 13, 1913, Arévalo González was arrested for proposing Dr. Montes for the presidency and Dr. Montes was compelled to leave the country. On November 18, 1917, the offices of *El Fonógrafo*, one of the oldest and best daily papers in Latin-America, were entered and the editor, with one of his reporters, was imprisoned for having published an article by E. Dominguez Acosta attacking the "germanophile neutrality of Venezuela." The editor and his reporter were released and exiled six months later through the intercession of the British minister. Acosta died in La Rotunda in 1920. The Maracaibo edition of *El Fonógrafo* was suppressed also *manu militari* and its editor arrested, released, and rearrested. The theosophical magazine *Dharma*, in which Acosta's article had also appeared, met the same fate. Early in 1918 the satirical weekly *Pitorreos* was suppressed after publishing a caricature of Gomez by the well-known artist Leo Martinez, of whom it is rumored that he perished in the torture. *El Universal*, a newspaper as loyal to Gomez as Marquez Bustillos, was at that time threatened with suppression because it printed without permission the death notice of a political prisoner. In 1921 a group of students belonging to the Asociación de Estudiantes applied for permission to protest against the electric street-car company of Caracas for alleged inefficient service. The permission was granted; the students published a leaflet explaining their grievances and calling upon the public to boycott the company. Eighty-two of the students were taken to La Rotunda and kept in the yard between the old and the new Rotunda for a month, being finally released on April 18, 1921, on condition that the Asociación be dissolved.

Within a few yards of Pocaterra's cell, in dungeons 12 and 13 of the new Rotunda, Sotero Mujica, who died, and José Santiago Gonzalez, who was afterward freed, were tortured in a manner too revolting to describe. Pocaterra names General Ernesto Velasco and Colonels Cosme Montilla and Eloy Tarazona as the men under whose immediate direction the tortures were inflicted. Seventeen officers suspected of one of the innumerable conspiracies that the agents of Gomez—especially those in need of immediate cash rewards—monotonously discover were tortured in a similar manner. Pocaterra asserts that the torture of witnesses has been resorted to. Of those arbitrarily imprisoned in La Rotunda since 1913 he has succeeded in ascertaining the death of fifty, slightly under half of the computable total. La Rotunda, of course, is only one of four federal prisons. And there are the state prisons, twenty in number.

Gerardo Fernandez, a Spanish subject, recently published an account of his experiences during his ten years' imprisonment in the fortress of San Carlos. According to his account twenty-five soldiers arrested him on the deck of an American ship in broad daylight. He was tortured in the "campaign rack," a device made with rifles and strings, and hanged in the usual horrible manner while several drums beat to drown his cries. Fernandez claims that no formal charges were ever made against him.

The gentlemen at Caracas make for the regime that supports them claims of material progress, and in these claims they are upheld by some of the ascertainable facts and by the probabilities. The annual deficit shown by the public ledgers during Castro's regime has been transformed into an annual surplus, principally by reducing the salaries of government clerks (there being little necessity for patronage under a dictatorship) and by employing the military to a larger extent than formerly in government labor. During the first twelve years of Gomez's rule the commercial activity of the country doubled. I speak from official statistics, which are, as such, open to doubt. Taking into consideration, however, the guaranties given foreign capital, the absence of serious revolutionary movements, and the general economic trend of America during the years in question, it does not seem unlikely that some such increase in prosperity has taken place. In the matter of elementary

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schools, there were 1,050 largely nominal ones in 1908 catering to 35,000 children, while seven years later there were 1,500 largely nominal ones catering to 40,000 children, in both cases the lowest percentage figures in the Americas. In 1908, however, there were two universities, one at Mérida and one at Caracas; the University of Caracas was closed by the military on February 12, 1914, amid a general jailing of students for alleged (and I hope real) revolutionary activities within its halls. It has remained practically closed to this day. In 1911 there were 920 kilometers of railways; in 1922 there were 1,062 kilometers. The total debt of the nation comes to a round thirty million, and no trouble seems to be experienced in paying interest and principal on the foreign part of it. As the supply of labor is ample and as no militant labor organization or propaganda is tolerated, it may be assumed that the undeniable increase in prosperity does not affect the bulk of the Venezuelans. The fact that the population of the country has decreased by over 200,000 during the present regime would seem to bear this out. Dr. Luis Razetti, who courageously produced these damning statistics during a lecture in Caracas last June, has been compelled to leave Venezuela and is now in Mexico.

The picture is lurid and grotesque. At the cost of the self-respect and the civil education of a whole people, at the cost of their personal and political liberty, the volume of their material wealth has been swollen, mostly for foreign investors and for such part of the upper classes as tolerate and flatter the monstrous pivot of it all. It is a case of a people's soul or their stomach, and the continuance of the Gomez regime favors some of their stomachs.

Venezuela must certainly be counted among the dozen neediest cases that international liberalism ought to look up and aid.

The Man Who Is Rocking a Nation

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BLASCO IBÁÑEZ received me standing in the center of his garden at Mentone, right hand on his hip pocket until he was certain by my approach, appearance, and accent that the newspaperman's card I had handed in through a heavy grille gate was not concealing a Spanish Royalist of murderous intent.

Ibáñez has lived for five years at the Casa Rossa, a villa completely hidden by luxurious tropical growths and boasting in its garden, as its owner was not slow to show me, the only bananas able to survive on the French Riviera —in a word, the warmest spot for the warmest writing. Ibáñez led me into his study, dismissing, as he progressed, his "bodyguard" of secretary, chauffeur, gardener, and valet. You know him in America—voluble, button-holing, gesticulating, alert, human, well set up. He sat me down opposite two busts, of France and Zola. Pearl White's photograph ("to the greatest writer in the world") smiled between. To my left a headless Victory of Samothrace. Over there a mammoth symbolic bronze of the Four Horsemen.

"Tell me, maître, what's all this about—this dueling business and the rest?"

He told me; but you have had most of it already over the cable, how he sustains his charges against King Alfonso, of loose living and pro-Germanism during the war, and absence of care for the welfare of his subjects since; his indictment of Alfonso and Primo de Rivera as oppressors and removers of all liberty. Not a word would Ibáñez retract, though I tried to temporize concerning Alfonso, having been involved personally in the war charge against that personage.

Perhaps I may be permitted to interpose that the version of Alfonso's activities as seen from the extremely competent angle of the British Secret Service was set forth in a book of mine five years ago and that the Spanish Ambassador in England, Señor Merry del Val, sought to achieve much the same action against the writer as the present Ambassador in Paris, Señor de Leon, has now set on foot against Ibáñez. The most scathing of all Ibáñez's castigations is that Alfonso was pro-German (though why this should be so dreadful heaven knows!). Here, from memory, is the tenor of the reports we had from our agents in Spain, one of the chief of which was Compton Mackenzie, the novelist:

(a) The King is innately friendly to the Allies, but is hemmed in by a definitely pro-German coterie at court and by a General Staff similarly tainted and aching to snatch French Morocco.

(b) Queen Christina (an Austrian) is working heaven and earth to prop up her Holy Roman Empire of the Hapsburgs and without a doubt there is a leakage of vital information through her either direct to Vienna or via the Vatican, of which she is the staunchest pillar in Spain.

(c) The King talks too much and there is genuine fear that he hands on to enemy ears information he has obtained from Allied naval and military attachés. The Germans sent down specially a most charming and gay young night-liver as military attaché and the King is constantly in his company. (To offset this companionship the British Government dispatched to Madrid, at the suggestion of the English Queen Ena, a nobleman referred to in the report as the Duke of W——, but who, I have no doubt whatever, was the Duke of Westminster, polo friend of the King and neighbor to him in the Basque country.)

(d) The submarine question is the most serious. The German U-boat commanders do what they like in Spanish seas and ports.

Such was what came through "on the highest authority"; in other words, the King was not pro-German, but failed hopelessly, as a strong man might have done had he been heartily with the Allies, to check a general national tendency in Spain to help and hope for the Central Powers.

Ibáñez argues the contrary—that the King was a powerful German agent. I do not believe this and told him so; and I venture to think this is where he has slipped in his propaganda against the existing regime—vulnerable enough in all conscience for such a vitriolic pen as his without drawing the long bow.

Then we skipped to lighter things: He would fight Alfonso or Primo and no others. "I receive two hundred offensive letters a day seeking to provoke me." Ibáñez drew his revolver. "If anyone as much as molests me here he gets this." I was to gather later that what he most fears is that a band may kidnap him and rush him over the Italian frontier just up the road in connivance with Fascist guards there. Once in Mussolini's Italy Ibáñez might as well be back in Spain in the clutches of Dictator Primo. After I left came the summons to appear before

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the Paris courts; what one believes will now supervene is this: Ibáñez, if he wishes to remain in France, will have to cease his propaganda. He told me he would not, that he had just chartered six new airplanes from which to deluge Spain with his famous pamphlet "A Sequestered Nation" from bases on the North African coast and in Portugal. He even told me the *modus operandi:* an airplane stacked with pamphlets proceeds by night to a lonely spot in Spain and dumps its stock. Republican agents come later and collect the material.

So I left this astonishing man, who is verily rocking a nation. One imagines him to be inspired by Hugo and Zola; frequently these giants were on his lips. But it is not an easy matter, stirring up a hornets' nest in 1925. Ibáñez told me that he was going on with his work here at Mentone, finishing his round-the-world series, starting a new novel, and supervising Rex Ingram's production of "Mare Nostrum" hard by at Nice. But one doubts it. The trouble, partly of Ibáñez's making, will grow and grow, and one way or another, tragically mayhap, its author will have to play so active a role as to preclude much of that calmness of mind essential to the man of letters.

In passing, there is comedy occasionally—as when, the other day, the Infante Don Luis, degenerate cousin of King Alfonso, at whose instigation he was expelled from France and degraded in Spain, placed himself at Ibáñez's disposal; as also has the Infanta Eulalia, aunt of Alfonso and likewise a disgruntled, expatriated personage. And there is this priceless touch: just when Ibáñez, the dangerous propagandist, should be appearing in Paris for prosecution by the French Government, the French Government will be lending Ibáñez, champion and friend of France, submarines from Toulon with which to complete a scene in "Mare Nostrum."

Ibáñez is confident in his star and convinced that he has the Hapsburg-Bourbons tottering in Spain. Especially does he hope that the people of the United States will sympathize with what is now, he says, to be his life's work. "Tell them," he said, "that it is a damnable lie to say that I am in the pay of Moscow or of anybody else. I don't require to be, for one thing. I am solely and simply out to rid my beloved country of a dreadful curse. And then to return there as a humble, private citizen."

In the Driftway

AFTER an airless, crowded ride underground, the Drifter found on his desk a letter from a friend in Idaho—a sheep man. "Spring's early this year," it ran; "one of the boys saw buttercups up Meadow Creek yesterday, and the mud's drying up fast. Great lambing weather." Lambing-time! And, in a month or two, shearing-time; and then the long trek to summer range in the Wyoming mountains. The Drifter closed his eyes. He saw the white lines spreading, in June, over the hills beyond Soda Springs, inside the Idaho border; he heard—in the hot days—a thousand tiny hoofs and a thousand plaintive cries trailing the warm stillness of Tincup Canyon—along Tincup Creek winding through sunlight and shadow, where beavers work, and mountain trout splash music. Leisurely the "outfit" takes its way. The sheep crop greedily or, when a dog gets energetic, rush by in little bunches like gusts of wind. Sheep-herders, on foot or on horseback, zigzag behind the herd, shouting at the dogs. And always in the offing are the white, round tops of the sheep-wagons, with their patient horses, driven by men whose bodies, lazily relaxed, mark the lumbering rhythm of the wheels. From Tincup the trail winds up through Star Valley mountain-rimmed and beautiful, past the hamlet of Freedom, whose one street is the State line; it travels north toward Jackson's Hole and turns off into Snake River gorge—only wide enough for sheep and sure-footed pack and saddle horses. The wagons take a more circuitous way. And finally, when the hot sun is scorching the grass in the valleys, the trail ends on some far mountainside where snow stays all summer and grass is green and fresh. Here the unsuspecting lambs feed until fall, when, fat and succulent, they hit the trail again for box cars and Chicago. The rest of the herd follows the warm weather south to the deserts of Utah or Nevada.

* * * * *

THE sheep country, except for forest roads and sheep trails, remains almost as it was when the Drifter first saw it—too many years ago. The dry-farmers have cluttered up some of the lower country with fences, but the men of the sheep country haven't changed a bit. Grizzled old men who have spent most of their lives herding sheep or driving camp greet one from the wagon doors. The Drifter remembers with particular affection his friend Scotty, who lost his teeth with the passing years. Scotty went to a nearby town for repairs; and returned to dazzle his comrades with an entire set of brilliant gold teeth. The Drifter likes to think of the little old Scotchman sitting on some lonely mountainside, wasting his glory on the unappreciative sheep or flashing a greeting and a challenge to his only rival—the noonday sun. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Eli Siegel and His Critics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have lived among unuplifted laborers all my years, but never—not even in logging-camp brawls—have I seen such a cold-blooded "ganging-up" as the attack on Eli Siegel in your correspondents' column. This attack furnishes first-rate evidence of the brutality of which the so-called civilized American is capable. Is he so different, then, from the Kluxer or the ear-chewing Herrin miner?

Why didn't Sinclair, Bodenheim, and Lewisohn send their furious objections to the poet himself? Because, I guess, of their likeness to the Kluxers: it is their joy to strut in their robes and apply the tar in public.

That is a guess. I offer a fact. Siegel had images of some original pictures; he painted them crudely; but he got the pictures on paper and put some striking colors and rhythms in them. What enrages the word-worshipers is that Siegel should possess the imagination to conceive an original poem, and then fail to write it so prettily that they might twitter and sigh over its fancy words.

Another fact. American writers are about the most pig-gish breed of any group of workers in the nation. Let a new man show enough promise to be encouraged by the editors—and editors are always eager to discover promising new writers—and the professional stylists begin to roar everywhere about the shame and injustice of it. Let him show originality, and the phrase-hawking hacks scream among themselves: "Let's gang up on him and bite his nose off!" Let him show concern

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only for original ideas and ignore the craft of making pretty paper word posies, and then, Kleagle! Kleagle! Bring forth the tarpot and feathers.

I have been a writer for a year. The more I know of writers the better I like laborers.

Tacoma, Washington, March 29 JAMES STEVENS

Tagore Not Wanted in Italy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian mystic and poet whose books have been translated into many languages, arrived here last week for a stay in Italy before going on to his home in India. Tagore left Italy yesterday without seeing either Rome or Florence or any other of the many towns which had sent him enthusiastic greetings and which he had planned to visit.

All Italy is asking: "Why did he go?"

In these days of the rule of Mussolini Italy's newspapers print only what the Government tells them to—or they print chapters from the Bible. The Fascist press publishes what it pleases, of course, and by reprinting some of the Fascist comments on a brief speech made by Tagore at a great public reception four days ago in Milan the muzzled papers of the Opposition have been able to show why the aged author, after a four days' stay, decided suddenly that even India might be a more healthy and peaceable place for him just now. Here are some of the comments taken from the government press. I quote in a pretty rough translation:

> Tagore knows Gandhi, the ineffable Mahatma. Gandhi knows Romain Rolland, who pours into Europe the rivers of his great Indian wisdom. It is probable that they told him that Italy was held by a black army in the service of a sinister tyrant. . . . Tagore has left Italy without understanding the profound love of the people for Fascismo. His "propaganda of non-resistance" leads to sedition and evil, to hate, to destructive ambition and civil war.
>
> Gandhi, Rolland, and the Clartists of Italy certainly should have told this to Tagore.
>
> The celebrated poet has lost his one chance to learn something about Italy. Instead he came here and tried to teach us.

Another editorial told Tagore to go and get his beard cut and then people would see that, like Samson, he had no power and no ability.

What was it that Tagore said which affronted them so? No one quite knows, as his speech could not be reprinted; but one quotation given by the government papers as peculiarly insulting runs like this: "The sky of Italy is full of fog. Her gardens are despoiled of flowers."

Perhaps, after all, a poet's way of putting things may be the most dangerous.

Milan, February 5 MARY BLANKENHORN

"Log-Rolling" and the Budget

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That the adoption of a budget system will prevent or check legislative "log-rolling" is one of the chief contentions of budget advocates. Such result cannot be accomplished, however, unless the legislative power over appropriations, as that power exists under present constitutions, both federal and State, be curtailed. In 1915 the new constitution framed and submitted to the people of the State of New York contained an article providing that when the budget bill of appropriations (an executive measure) was once introduced in the legislature, no item of it could be increased nor any new item inserted except by a vote of materially more than a majority (two-thirds as I recollect) of all the membership elected to the legislature.

The constitution then submitted was defeated at the polls; yet in other States the same program has been enacted into statutes creating budget commissions. These statutes, in so far as they undertake to require a higher percentage of legislative votes to alter a so-called budget bill than the constitution itself requires to amend any other bill, are manifestly unconstitutional. In some States, e.g., Alabama, this requirement has been expressly so held by the courts. These judicial holdings are but a reaffirmation of the rule, established in England in 1688 and imbedded in the framework of American government, that the control of the public purse is lodged with the direct representatives of the people, that is, in the legislative department of government; and nothing short of an explicit amendment to the constitution can lodge it with the executive department, as it is the manifest intent and purpose of the budget system, logically considered, to do.

As matters now stand, the budget officials maintained by a number of the States have no lawful power beyond tabulating a lot of figures and submitting them by way of information, or at most of recommendation, to the legislature. It is doubtful whether such information or suggestions are of any more value than those the legislature can readily acquire for itself. At any rate, the legislature is at liberty to disregard them and to substitute the will of a majority of its members on any appropriation whether included in the budget or not. Does it not result that the budget commissions are but another of the many institutions of uncertain utility but certain expense with which the machinery of American government has in recent years become encumbered?

Montgomery, Alabama, January 19 WM. C. SWANSON

Venezuela's Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Russia, with over one hundred million people and some three or four thousand political prisoners, gives you and your correspondents adequate cause for alarm and criticism, how much greater and more urgent the need is for protest in the case of Venezuela, which, having scantily three million souls, and brutally deprived of any possibility of internal protest, sees well over five thousand of its thinking citizens rotting away in dark and unclean dungeons, and over seventy-five thousand additional in forced exile.

Venezuelan politicals never are given any but the most vile of stuffs as food, and these in intentionally limited quantities; they are never permitted to step outside their dungeons into the prison yard, this privilege being reserved to criminal convicts; they are at no time and under no conditions ever permitted to communicate with or receive news from their families or friends outside; no help or alleviation whatsoever is permitted to reach them, though the prison authorities eagerly accept any moneys brought by kin or friends to pay for either medicines or better food for these prisoners, and shamelessly pocket such moneys intended for the latter's relief. In addition to all the above, Venezuelan politicals are weighted down with chains and iron balls weighing seventy-five pounds, which are fastened to them day and night, never being taken off till death or miraculous release.

And all of the above is done by orders of a low, cunning despot who takes good care of certain foreign interests, particularly North American concession hunters, and lavishly entertains certain distinguished foreign visitors, who are promptly taken in hand by the authorities on landing and never permitted to see or hear anything from outside official circles while in Venezuela. It may not be generally known that the North American minister to Caracas has not been at his post for over a year now, being mysteriously detained in Washington, yet officially retaining his post in Venezuela. The reason for this anomaly is that said minister sent true reports to Washington as to conditions prevailing in Venezuela, and Gomez, the tyrant, being informed of this tried to purchase his silence, as he has

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done in the case of other foreign representatives. But Gomez came upon the wrong sort of man this time; the American minister's silence could not be purchased, intrigues followed, and these culminated in the minister returning home on indefinite leave. Powerful influences in certain financial circles work for the *status quo* in Venezuela.

Gomez is accustomed to buying the silence of any influential foreigner who may show any inquisitive traits in Venezuela, and this method is also effective in religious and missionary circles. Whenever a foreigner of sufficient standing in Venezuela seeks advantages there for himself, he can always bring pressure to bear on the government by showing a becoming degree of interest in the political situation maintained by the tyrant. The latter's favorite method in such cases is portrayed in his by-word: "Dénle petróleo" ("Give him oil"); if it is objected that the party in question does not seek oil, then Gomez insists: "Sí, sí, dénle más petróleo; más petróleo; todo hombre tiene su precio." ("Yes, yes, give him more oil, more oil; every man has his price.")

Mexico City, March 20 F. DE P. DAVILA

No Room for the Bicycle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will the Bicycle Come Back? [see *The Nation* for January 28, p. 82]. Answer: No! The auto is in the way. Just ride one on Long Island. With cars coming along at twenty miles and better both ways, the center of the road disappears; there is none for the bicycle. The edge of a road—a macadam road—where the rain washed the fine particles, was good, but a tarvia road is all bumps that even a truck won't take. Try it yourself or ask a mature person who rides for business. He will tell you that the bandit spirit in the human is aroused when at the wheel and he delights in crowding the bicycle off the road, having no regard for the life of the rider.

Brooklyn, February 19 G. A. KAUFMANN

Concerning Opium and Alcohol

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I like *The Nation* for the information it gives. What a pity there is not some one connected with it who has an insight into the materialist conception of history. Reports of the conferences held over the narcotics question are a good example, although I don't recall that *The Nation* has mentioned that. Half an hour spent reading the Encyclopaedia Britannica would explain why England stalls and will do nothing to stop production of opium. See its revenue from the spread between what the native gets for growing opium and the price the English Government sells it for. See that the profit to the owner of the land is from 5 to 20 times greater than what he would derive from raising wheat.

No. 3106 of January 14 came today with two articles on prohibition. Both are good, but both carefully avoid mentioning the gloat that comes from big business over the fact that the pay rolls show much less lost time Mondays than they showed B. V. That is the nickel under Ikey's hand. It was to gain that end that big business put up the money and drove the politicians to put prohibition over. I am in close touch with the lumber industry, which is big business in this State, and I know what happened here. The men who forced the prohibition law through the legislature can well afford to pay $7 and $10 a quart for their booze out of the money they save by having a full crew Monday. They get theirs and intend to get it. That leaves a good opportunity to camouflage with a sham battle over enforcement. We have to do these things in a "democracy." Before the Civil War big business in the South, where the political power lay, was honest enough to pass laws against selling booze to a workingman, i.e., slave. The Negro had no vote.

I would get a good deal more kick out of *The Nation* if it explained these things, and possibly you would get a larger circulation. What a boon it would be for the liberals if some one would invent a way to learn to swim and not get wet.

Auburn, Washington, January 20 F. H. CONANT

Pegasus, Arise!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am forwarding you under separate cover a copy of *98.6*, a fortnightly journal published by the patients of Cragmor, a sanatorium devoted to the care of the tuberculous.

To date our only contributors have been the patients and readers of our paper. However, it is our intention to enlarge the scope of the journal and to seek contributions from wider sources.

It occurred to the editors that perhaps a few of your readers may be kind enough to contribute an occasional article. Poetry, short stories, biography, travel, and discussions on any vital subject are particularly acceptable. It is impossible to make any payments for such kindnesses, excepting perhaps with the sincere thanks of the readers at the sanatorium.

M. B. MARCUS, Editor

Colorado Springs, Colorado, February 17

Contributors to This Issue

HOWARD S. BENEDICT contributed an article, Dead Caesars, to *The Nation* for April 1.

PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER served as an officer in the infantry and the tank corps of the French army, was awarded the croix de guerre with three citations, was twice wounded and gassed, and at the end of the war was imprisoned for a month in a French fortress for anti-militarist articles.

JOHN ERSKINE is professor of English at Columbia.

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN is a Porto Rican journalist who contributed an article, Porto Rico: the American Colony, to last week's issue of *The Nation*.

FERDINAND TUOHY was formerly Paris correspondent of the New York *World*.

HARRY EMERSON WILDES is professor of sociology at Keio University, Tokio.

THEODORE DREISER is the famous American novelist.

JAMES RORTY is well known to readers of *The Nation* through his poetry.

EDWIN MUIR is a young British poet and critic whose reputation is rapidly growing in America.

EDWARD L. THORNDIKE, professor of educational psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University, is famous for his investigations of animal intelligence.

T. S. ELIOT, editor of *The Criterion*, is author of "The Waste Land" and "The Sacred Wood."

HARRY ELMER BARNES is professor of sociology at Smith College.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, historian and publicist, was formerly an editor of *The Nation*.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON, author of "Creative Chemistry" and other interpretations of science, directs the work of Science Service at Washington, D. C.

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY is an eminent penologist.

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of *The Modern Quarterly* and author of "The Newer Spirit."

LAURENCE BUERMEYER is the author of "The Aesthetic Experience," recently reviewed in *The Nation*.

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International Relations Section

Japan Keeps the Peace

By HARRY EMERSON WILDES

AN anarchist is anyone who seeks to change the constitution of Japan. So also are all Koreans and Formosans who desire home rule, and so is anyone, wherever resident, who gives them food and shelter. Thus is officially interpreted the new Peace Preservation Law, passed in March by the Japanese Diet. The wording of the law is vague, even for the Japanese, but Home Minister Wakatsuki and Dr. Yamaoka, in charge of criminal investigation, explained in answer to interpellations what construction would be placed upon the law. A translation of the new measure follows:

ARTICLE 1. Anyone who has formed a society with the object of altering the national constitution (*kokutai*) or the form of government, or of negativing the system of private ownership, or anyone who has joined it with full knowledge of its objects shall be liable to imprisonment with or without hard labor for a term not exceeding ten years. Attempts to commit the crimes above specified are also punishable.

ART. 2. Anyone who has discussed the execution of matters specified in Article 1 with the object mentioned therein shall be liable to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding seven years.

ART. 3. Anyone who has instigated (*sendo*) the execution of matters specified in Article 1 with the object specified therein shall be liable to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding seven years.

ART. 4. Anyone who has instigated a riot or violence or other crimes calculated to injure life, person, or property, with the object mentioned in Article 1, shall be liable to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding ten years.

ART. 5. Anyone who has given money, or articles of value, or other financial benefits, or has offered or promised to give them with the object of making their recipients commit the crimes mentioned in Article 1 and Article 3 shall be liable to imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding five years. The same penalty will be inflicted on anyone who with full knowledge of the intentions of the other party has received them or either asked for them or promised to receive them.

ART. 6. Anyone who has committed the crimes mentioned in the foregoing five articles shall have his penalty either remitted or commuted if he surrenders himself to the authorities.

ART. 7. The present law applies to crimes committed in places outside the jurisdiction of the law.

The two words *kokutai* and *sendo* constitute in the minds of Japanese the crux of this law. Loosely interpreted they are held to mean, in English, "national constitution" and "instigation," but the words do not permit of such accurate connotation in Japanese as in English. Incidentally, it is noteworthy that this law is the first one in which *kokutai*, referring to the constitution, has ever been written into Japanese legislation. Interpellations in the Diet have been frequent and Wakatsuki's answers have been instructive.

Sendo, he says, implies any speech or action intended to influence others, and *kokutai* is almost too vague to describe at all. At first he explained it as "national polity under an unbroken line of emperors," but this was challenged as entirely meaningless because no one could attempt to change past history. Then Wakatsuki took refuge in negatives and said that *kokutai* meant "not depriving the Emperor of his sovereign rights." Finally, when cornered, he told the Diet flatly, "It is anarchism to attempt to alter *kokutai*," without attempting further to explain what *kokutai* might be.

Yamaoka, whose post is rather similar to that which William J. Burns once adorned at Washington, bluntly stated the reasons for the vagueness of the law. It is impossible, he told the Peers on February 26, to say in plain language at whom this law is aimed, because strict limitations would harass judicial officers in their application of the law.

The law, despite assurances by the Premier, Home Minister, and Minister of Justice, seems certainly to aim at manifestations of unrest among laborers and among dissatisfied colonials. There is no questioning the fact that high officials in the government are seriously alarmed at the extent of under-cover movements. No one knows how far they go, for unified leadership is lacking in the proletariat, and even the Rosta correspondent admits his inability to unearth reliable details. The methods of news suppression used by the authorities veil the facts from all concerned; and teaching in the schools is closely supervised. It was for this reason that the Minister of Education placed a ban upon the study of socialism in the middle schools at Okayama and at Kumamoto, and eventually in all the secondary institutions of the empire, and later forbade the study of sociology except in colleges. According to Suzuki, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of Education:

> Students have not the freedom of research, and consequently it is proper to suppress the study of dangerous ideas. Professors have full liberty in regard to the study of thought, provided their researches do not mislead students.

Suzuki probably was confused by the similarity of the words "sociology" and "socialism," for, by a strange coincidence, it was soon announced that Prince Chichibu, the second Imperial son, was to study sociology in England.

Meetings for political purposes are governed by the police regulations of 1900, which give to the Home Ministry the absolute right to forbid or dissolve gatherings which it thinks likely to disturb the peace. Gendarmes with swords stand three deep along the streets that lead to the assembly place, and throng the meeting hall itself. This control is made more rigid through the construction which Yamaoka gives to the new Peace Preservation Law, for he outlaws all party movements which stand for constitutional amendments, though he admits that it is proper for the Diet to debate such projects.

Korea especially is a source of worry. Shimoöka, civil governor of Korea, told the Diet that a million and a half Koreans were inclined toward bolshevism, and that they had moved across the Yalu into Siberia and Manchuria awaiting a favorable opportunity for assailing the Japanese. In February police authorities sent a frenzied warning of an imminent vague plot by "refractory Koreans and anti-Soviet Jews" against the safety of the empire. And the ratification of the Russian treaty brought rumors of trainloads of red propagandists moving through Korea, highly reminiscent of those mythical czarist forces that moved through England at the outbreak of the war.

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Formosa, also, is alive with malcontents, according to the Japanese authorities. A double standard already exists, whereby acts legal in Tokio are illegal in the southern island. Petitioners for home rule were allowed to speak in Tokio, but were imprisoned for their action by the Formosan governor general. Newspapers and magazines freely circulated in the capital may not be sent into Formosa, and marriage is forbidden between Formosans and Japanese.

The spy system is by no means new to the empire, but it is given legal sanction by this Peace Preservation Law. Every opportunity is afforded for an agent provocateur or spy to join a liberal movement, induce the members to critical remarks, and then denounce himself and them to the police, thus sending his associates to prison for ten years while winning amnesty and reward for his own efforts.

In the wake of a nation-wide scandal caused by the spy activities of one Tetsuo Toshima, former convict, this legalized espionage is somewhat of a shock even to Japan. Toward the end of 1924 Toshima was hired as a spy by the Tokio Chief of Police, without the knowledge of the Metropolitan Police Board; but Toshima found difficulty in unearthing criminal activities. So he appealed to Kin Kei San, Korean agitator, to help him out, offering a reward of 10,000 yen if Kin would come to Tokio to stir up trouble. Kin refused, so Toshima persuaded the Red Heart Association to cause a demonstration at the Foreign Office while he telephoned the news to the police. Toshima won much appreciation from his chief, but failed to win the approbation of the Red Hearts, who thought that they were protesting against too hasty recognition of the Bolshevists; and they denounced him. Toshima was arrested, but his prosecution was evaded and has since been dropped.

It is only fair to say, in this connection, that the Toshima affair received the bitterest condemnation from the Tokio press, but the protests were no more effective than were the almost unanimous objections voiced against the Peace Preservation Law itself.

The truth, perhaps, that lies behind the government's defiance of public sentiment is the widespread belief that this new law was in the nature of assurance to the Privy Council and the Peers, in order that they might consent to wider suffrage rights as a measure for allaying proletarian unrest, and that they might recognize the Soviets, from whom profitable business is expected. No other explanation could so readily account for the Diet's overwhelming willingness to adopt a law which it had itself rejected three years earlier at a time when labor seemed more radical than it does today.

Italy's "Dynasty of Cain"

CARDINAL PIETRO MAFFI, Archbishop of Pisa—scholar, author, social reformer, and Italian patriot—has published a pamphlet entitled "Thou Shalt Not Kill." It has put Fascist Italy into a towering rage and its sale has been prohibited. Though the Fascists are not explicitly mentioned, the Cardinal's pronouncement is a scathing denunciation of crimes which have become the fashion in Italy since the present regime came into force.

Again and again Pisa has been the victim of the black terror. Armed gangs of the black-shirt militia have swooped down on the city of the leaning tower and spread terror through its streets. Last fall they burned down the offices of the Catholic newspaper and destroyed the headquarters of the Catholic organizations. They left murder and bloodshed in their train; but the culprits were not brought to justice. It was on that occasion that Cardinal Maffi uttered the saying which has now become historic: "As a bishop I weep; as an Italian I feel disgraced."

This theme he has developed at great length in a pamphlet which has just seen the light. It was recently read as a Lenten pastoral in the famous cathedral of Pisa. After its reading thousands of the citizens gathered round their archbishop on the greensward outside the church and gave him an ovation such as few ecclesiastics have enjoyed. Subsequently the pamphlet was to have been published in Turin; but it has been banned by the political authorities.

The pamphlet consists of thirty closely printed pages. Following a short introduction of two pages, the body of the pamphlet is divided into three parts. The first deals with suicide, which has of late become quite common in Italy. The second part treats of dueling. This particularly primitive way of settling differences has come very much into vogue among the Fascists. The third part of the Cardinal's philippic deals with the crime of murder. Opening with a paragraph on infanticide, the author comes directly to speak of the Matteotti murder.

The pamphlet reads in part as follows:

It is with feelings of surprise and sorrow and unspeakable bitterness of soul that I bring myself to the performance of a duty which I never thought would have fallen to my lot. But recently there has been crowding in upon my mind, ever closer and closer, the feeling that I ought to bring to your notice and comment upon the fifth commandment of the Decalogue: Thou shalt not kill. Considering our widespread and manifold education, the progress of civilization, and our vaunted brotherhood of nations and mankind, I allowed myself to be deluded into believing in a general cessation and total disappearance of crimes of blood. I thought that they could have remained only as words in the dictionaries and fading records and in the memories of veteran survivors of an age that had passed.

Delusion. The dismal heritage of the war, the familiarity with arms and with blood, and, even before the war, the bitter and violent hatreds between classes and parties, the decadence and disappearance of the religious sentiment, to these we must attribute the fact that if there be one thing which no longer counts and is of no price or value on the market, it is life itself, our own and that of others. Is there news of a suicide in the city? At first a word of passing regret trips lightly from the lips, some questions are asked about the family, and then the more important and interesting discussion as to what poison or what weapon the unfortunate victim used. Is there news of a duel? The public is interested only in knowing who fought and how much blood was poured out to bathe the earth. Is there news of an assassination? Or of a brawl? Or of a pitched fight? It is considered worth while only to ask how many are the slain and when the bodies will be taken to the cemetery, where the whole affair will be brought to a close with a few shovels of earth. Then, in the evening, it is natural and usual to talk of other things at the cafe. No matter how they died, the dead are dead forever. Why recall them to mind and thus disturb the living? "What does that dead man want?" was the question put by a certain ruler, in a tone of disgust and irritation, when a body floated near his pleasure boat on the Parthenopean Sea. "Burial," was the reply. "Then let him be buried," he ordered, in a voice that seemed to add, "and let there be an end of it." Has not that episode become the custom and fashion of today?

In face of these painful scenes and degrading events can a bishop who feels the responsibility of his charge, can a citizen who loves his native land, can any man who still retains even the last shred of his humanity remain mute and silent? There-

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fore I shall speak and, as befits the crime, my words shall be grave. Let nobody tell me that they are superfluous for him. When I shall have finished we shall see that, in face of this social plague, all of us have either responsibilities to be defended or greater duties to be fulfilled. To those in whom my words will call forth painful memories would I rather turn and ask for pardon. Mothers, whose tears are unceasing; desolate wives, of sad and deserted homes; children who are orphans and without bread because of a suicide or a duel or a murder—if under the influence of my words you should see again and live again that scene which is perhaps the saddest of your lives, share your sorrow with me and pray. Above all, pray. And, hearing you, may the Lord grant that your renewed tears may serve to turn away weeping and sorrow and desolation from other orphans, other wives, other mothers. . . .

Dueling

What can I say of him who attempts the double crime, that of suicide and homicide, exposing his own life and assailing that of another, when he descends into the dueling lists? Here we have not, as sometimes happens in the case of suicide, the irresponsible impulse of delirium, nor the vision of imminent disaster, nor the burden of a crushing misfortune, nor the prostration which results from a devastating torment. These may darken the mental faculties, destroy sound reason, and make reflection impossible. But look at the duelers, sane and exuberant in health and not poor; for the poor have something else to think about. Calmly, coldly, and serenely, for days before the event they are arranging and consulting and negotiating, taking the opinions of their seconds and other competent judges. Wouldn't one imagine that they were preparing for some entertainment, a hunting party or family festivities or some municipal feast, or even a wedding? But, no. They are arranging to cut up one another, to disembowel one another according to rule, even to kill one another in the presence of complacent witnesses and—climax of irony—in the presence of the kind-hearted doctor who will carefully and devotedly stitch together the gaping wounds, in the hope that the stitches will avail to heal and avoid death. Or, if they be only wounded, we shall probably see the pair throw away their weapons and embrace one another with hollow words and hollow smiles. This is the height of sarcasm and of nonsense, the supreme social lie. If their hearts could only be laid bare!

I do not think that this picture is exaggerated. It even falls short of the truth. In itself it is a condemnation of all kinds of dueling. Civilization? Nobility? Honor? Do not profane these sacred words and do not smear them with mud, even though the mud be mixed with noble blood. This is barbarism. It is savagery. It is the denial and renunciation of all dignity. The man who would gore the flesh of his brother is an inhuman delinquent. He is a fool and a knave who would thus put his own life in danger; for in doing so he gives his estimate of it as a thing that is of no worth or merit. . . . Party of Honor. Party of Chivalry. These are the names whereby they would introduce into civilized society what is nothing but a savage crime. It is as if they would introduce a robber in the uniform of the policeman. Fine word! Excellent varnish! Lustrous shoepolish! But if you set aside the words and come to the fact, the fact is that you plunge a dagger into the body of your brother. It does not matter if the dagger be elongated into a sword or a rapier. What is the name of this deed? And what is your name? Ask the upright and honest common people, the people of integrity and good sense, who have not yet become degenerate, and they will tell you the name.

Murder

And now I come to speak of murder, the slaying of brothers, so widespread and cynically cruel and barbarous in this first quarter of the century. I have already had occasion to bewail the fact that the murderers are not always brought to justice. It would be superfluous to insist on the particular and supreme gravity of this crime against which there still resounds and

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925.

State of New York, } ss.:
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher—Oswald Garrison Villard,
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Editor—Oswald Garrison Villard,
20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Managing Editor—Freda Kirchwey,
20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Business Managers—None.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual, his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual, the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ————. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of March, 1925.

Mary E. O'Brien,
Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 168, Register's No. 6001-A.

[Seal] (My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

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always will resound throughout the centuries the terrible verdict of the Lord against Cain: The blood of thy brother cries out to me from the earth. It cries out. What will it obtain? For this therefore and from this moment be you accursed upon the earth, which opened its mouth and received the blood of your brother from your hand. Each word should be weighed and thought over. The earth ought to have drunk only the rain that restores and fertilizes and makes the grain to spring up and ripens the wheat for the bread of life. It was the rain of the bright-hued rainbow, the cool rain that ought to have descended on the earth as a new and continual benediction from heaven. Instead of that, however, the earth felt itself contaminated, constrained to open its mouth to drink the burning blood of death. And not the blood of the enemy but the blood of the brother, and not the blood of the brother slain out of hunger by a wild beast but the blood of the brother shed by the brother. Strange that the horror-stricken earth did not then rise up in implacable vengeance—unable to control itself further, while it still felt the foot of the homicide upon its breast—and open its jaws to engulf the criminal and cast him down into the abyss wherein he himself had poured the blood of another. We all remember the terror which seized us on the morning of September 7, 1920, when the trees, the houses, and the hills trembled in the earthquake. What fears and cries of anguish at the sensation that the earth was no longer stable or secure! And the murderer must ever feel thus. Whithersoever he may flee or hide, at every turn he will hear malediction shouted against him and everywhere he will see the hand of vengeance arise.

It is said of murderers that they boast of the number of their victims. But the word is merely on the lips, presented rather than pronounced, in a moment of confusion and excitement. Other words come in the night and ring with a different sound, causing fears to arise that are uncontrollable and sometimes even insane. O, Cain! O, Judas! O, all ye who shed the blood of your brothers, you lie when you speak of security; for we know you have it not. Nor could you have it. Do we not see you turn pale and look furtively around, as if seeking some way of escape, at a chance sound that may strike the ear, at a chance light that may strike the eye, even at the murmur of the wind or the chirping of the birds? . . .

War had and has its poison gas, its liquids of destruction; but bear this well in mind: No acid, sulphuric or nitric or prussic, and no sublimate is so corrosive as one drop of blood criminally shed. There is no chemical basis that will resist or neutralize it. There are no forces to control it. Armies will not hold it in check. It flows on. It corrodes. It destroys. Woe to the hand that sheds blood. Woe to the feet that trample on the corpse. O, Dynasty of Cain, carry on. But listen to this, where men fail God is to the rescue—God who gives no quarter to the culprits but incessantly pursues them, crying out judgment over them: Accursed, Accursed, Accursed in time. Accursed in eternity.

Let me intrust to you a great mission, the mission against all and every crime which would assail the lives of men, which would assail life of any kind or degree whatsoever.

Cry out to all your horror of murder, with whatever name they may call it, with whatever adjective they may try to soften it. Our neighbor is sacred. We must respect him and treat him with scrupulous consideration—his rights, his property, his honor, his life, his body, and his mind. . . . And do not forget that God on high is his jealous guardian. Children of the Gospel, proclaim only one law, the Law of Charity. Let us wish one another well. Let us love one another. Could I speak to you a word more tender? Could I supplicate you with a sweeter prayer? Leave hatred to hell, to the demon, to him who first willed darkness and death. But for you, children of life and light, for you there is only life and love. We who are called to the kingdom of heaven, be ours the eternal reign of charity.

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Spring Book Section

America and the Artist*

By THEODORE DREISER

WITH all its defects, whatever they may be, social, religious, moral, I still cannot see that America so much more than any other country is lacking in those things which should stimulate or at least make bearable the life of an artist. I know that from the point of mental freedom it is supposed to and does present many difficulties and drawbacks—two or three million K. K. K.'s, for instance, watchful of morals, liquor, the Jew, the Catholic, the Negro; twenty or twenty-five million Catholics and Knights of Columbus, all set upon clean books, the parochial school, lower or purely sectarian and mechanical education—or none; innumerable Rotarians, Kiwanisians, Baptists, Methodists, each with a theory as to how the life of the other fellow should be regulated and what the national or State government should do to make the Ten Commandments work. And it is true that where these flourish, as they do largely outside New York and San Francisco, there is little doing intellectually or artistically.

You can live well enough materially and socially anywhere in America if all you want to do is to talk to your next-door neighbor about his cabbages, his motor car, his radio, or how he is getting along in business. And if you are intellectually cautious, and watch your step as to what you think, you can avoid ostracism. But tread upon any of his pet theories or delusions, or upon those of the community, and then see. Yet, of course, this is old stuff critically and argumentatively among those who know. And no different, I fear, from what you would find in Russia if you failed to agree with the Communists at present; or in the back regions of France or Italy, or anywhere in India or Egypt, if you ran counter to the religious and moral notions of the middle classes. Indeed, I cannot see that at any time or in any clime or land it has been an easy matter for the artist to live and do his work. Only consider the thinker or artist under the Caliphate, under the Catholic church throughout the Middle Ages, in India under the caste system, in Russia under the czars up to Catherine, in France under the kings, in Spain, Portugal; Turkey today.

If I recall aright, Socrates with his original notions about life was scarcely *au gratin*, as we say over here, with the Athenians; and assuredly Rabelais, Molière, Shakespeare, Kit Marlowe, or—to come a little closer to our own day—Voltaire, Dean Swift, Flaubert, Anatole France, Baudelaire could scarcely be said to be *en rapport* with their time and people, or very welcome either. And one needs only recall Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno, to know that in these darling States today we are not nearly so badly off as we could be—Mr. Bryan and the cactus and jimsonweed legislatures to the contrary notwithstanding.

At first at least, and speaking solely as a humble devotee of the pen, I found America very difficult and unfriendly. The editors as well as the critics of 1900—to say nothing of the rank and file of the wide open spaces—seemed to be determined that that which smacked of continental realism or naturalism should not take root here; and for all of fifteen years I felt rather badly treated—being kicked and cuffed unmercifully. However, I did not die; and since then I have seen a change. Only think of the army of young realists now marching on New York, the scores of playwrights and critics even who vie with one another to keep the stage and the book untrammeled. Decidedly I have no complaint to make *now* and hope to have none—if only the K. K. K.'s, the hundred-percenters, and the Catholics and Methodists be quiet until I pass on.

But apart from past experiences, inimical as they were to mental freedom and artistic energy in such forms as I could master, I still found—and find yet—America as satisfactory to me, as stimulating, I am sure, as Russia ever was to Tolstoi or Dostoevski, or Germany to Goethe or Schiller, or France to Flaubert or De Maupassant. It has, or at least to my way of thinking it has, all of the social as well as the geographical and topographical variations which any artist could honestly desire. Where can you find a more cosmopolitan city than New York? And as for social, religious, moral, and political variations, pyrotechnics, idiosyncrasies, it is as colorful to me as any other land could possibly be.

But aside from that I would call attention to the fact that life is life wherever you find it—in whatever land or clime. Winds blow, storms come and go; the fortunes of men rise and fall; your worst enemy is fortuitously slain at some opportune moment or he harries you to your grave. But all in all it is *life* that the artist is facing in any land or clime—life with all its variations and difficulties, social, climatic, idiosyncratic; and these various aspects are not likely to prove colorless or without stimulus for the artist, assuming that he chances to appear. Of course I am well aware that social, or if not that then racial and climatic, difficulties or repressions are entirely capable of preventing the appearance of the artist in any form, just as climates are capable of preventing races in any form. Only consider the Middle Ages and the Caliphate. But even so. In America such conditions as are here have already been sufficient to nourish a Poe, a Whitman, a Norris, an Emerson, a Thoreau, a St.-Gaudens, an Inness; and I doubt not that within a reasonable period of time it will produce as glistening a galaxy of geniuses as any other country can boast. At least I hope so. In my particular field I see material literally for millions of novels—millions of plays. For to me every life is a book or many books or many plays. That the psychic compost of a given nationality is not such as to produce interpretations of the same in great volume is neither here nor there. Apart from Greece, England, and France, what countries have ever done so?

Not Rome. For all of its amplitude and wealth, what a painfully petty showing of names or thoughts! Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Juvenal, Plautus, Tacitus (only contrast them with the Greeks); and Rome lived a thousand years! Not Spain. For apart from Cervantes, Herrera, Goya, Velasquez, and a small company of moderns —just who? The Netherlands, during a period of a hundred years, produced Dutch art—since then nothing. Russia, with nine hundred years of life, has a Golden Age of

* This is the second of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their personal experience the question: Can an artist function freely in the United States? Articles by Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Edgar Lee Masters, Eugene O'Neill, Zona Gale, and Floyd Dell will follow. Mary Austin's article appeared on February 11.

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about a hundred years during which it produced some seven writers of real distinction as well as some painters and some musicians. Germany, or rather the Teutonic strain, all of two thousand years old, has produced within the last hundred and fifty years—no longer—perhaps ten authors of the first literary rank, and no more. These nationalities, and others like them, are no better and no worse than America. Each has its ignorant mass, its constructive, commercial, materialistic middle class, its thinkers and its artists. Each has but a few artistic shrines at which it worships, and already we have several. I have named them.

Personally, if I had the time and the skill I should like to write a novel of the South as it is today, of New England as it is today, of Lower California and the movies, of Utah and the Mormons, of Arizona and the desert, of the great grain and cattle countries that make life southwest of the Mississippi so interesting, of American society as it existed between 1885 and 1900, of the Klondike and the gold rush, of Washington and its altering political phases, of New Orleans fighting a temperamental river to maintain a semi-tropic paradise, of Florida as it is today, of Kansas or Nebraska as they will be tomorrow. Certainly of material there is no lack, even if the object be nothing more than satire. And supposing there were a Voltaire who could write an American "Candide." Does anyone maintain that the material is wanting? It is not that the grain is not ripe for the reaper or that there are not endless fields as far as the eye can see. The reapers by some strange national lack are for the moment at least wanting.

But that appears to revive the question as to whether for one reason or another these federated States are difficult or impossible for the artist—whether it is harder for him to survive here than elsewhere. I will say that for one not incorruptibly fevered with artistic convictions, standards, desires, and ideals, the material and sensual gauds of America this day—the enormous prices offered for shoddy as opposed to silk and fine wool and linen—certainly tend to wean him from more serious efforts. One must desire, and desire much, to do that which is beautiful and honest—today, here—as opposed to that which is tintinnabulary and meretricious; for the fumes of those twin, and to so many irresistible, flesh-pots—notoriety and cash—will assuredly call him from his lean and soul-searching labor. But when *ever* has the true artist failed to adhere desperately and without shadow of turning to that which is true and beautiful? For these shall he not put aside kin and country, and with these only as his guides—his pillar of cloud by day, his beacon of fire by night—go forth?

A charge that has been (and possibly to within very recent days at least, justly) brought against America is that it lacks historic background and patina—the older lands of the world shaming it in the matter of architecture, history, art, the fanes and relics of great men and great things. Well, maybe. Yet for me at least America has always had the novelty and charm of youth, virility, ignorance, innocence, and that zest for life which is so characteristic of youth, together with all the interesting and astonishing problems inherent in its newness: exploration, government, transportation, organization. So many lacks to be supplied, so many opportunities to be seized—those of art and letters among them. And to say truthfully, apart from my own personal difficulties, I have been most heartily entertained rather than tortured by its ignorance, its gauche enthusiasm for impossible ideals of liberty, equality, fraternity, its wild dreams of its mission on this planet if not in the universe, its profound conviction (all below the thinking line, of course) that all things of real consequence in the modern world originated here. Do not the exponents of these illusions and convictions daily provide a percentage of us at least with a hearty laugh?

It may be and no doubt is a hard place at times for an intelligent man to work. There are so many strident voices —or have been in my all too brief day—bawling about the proper fields and materials with which an artist here may dare concern himself. The one hundred per cent American home, the one hundred per cent American mother and father, the one hundred per cent wife, daughter, son, the honest and God-fearing husband, brother, official, etc. And at the same time this handsome betwixt-oceans stage the scene of perhaps as ruthless and greedy and merciless a war for pelf as the earth has thus far been privileged to witness. The money barons, the trusts, the landlords, the stock jugglers, together with their handmaidens, the Comstockers, boards of moving-picture censors, busy ministers, vice-crusaders, sly agents (tools and fools) of religious and financial organizations—all so eager to compel or cajole or trick a rank and file likely at any time to become restless or contemptuous into a program of mental shoddy and soufflé such as no healthy animal nation bent upon even a semi-respectable career of constructive thought and constructive action could possibly accept and mentally live. It cannot be done, or at least I hope it cannot; yet of course that is why so many American intellectuals, to say nothing of some—a few—really important writers and artists, have heretofore gone abroad to live—James, Sargent, Whistler, Lafcadio Hearn, Bret Harte.

Essentially I know (assuming for argument's sake that tragedy is the greatest form of art) that a thoroughly prosperous country such as America is and is presumed to be might not prove creatively as stimulating as one in which misery reigns. The contrasts between poverty and wealth here have never been as sharp or as desolating as they have been in the Orient, Russia, and elsewhere; the opportunities for advancement not so vigorously throttled, and hence unrest and morbidity not so widespread and hence not so interesting. And are not "the sorrows of life the joys of art"? On the other hand, considering the individual as he must always be considered, a creature separate from his racial as well as economic environment, tragedy or the materials of art in any form are always at hand. For while a nation, of which the individual is a part, may be and often is a huge success, it does not follow that he is so. Amid the plenty of a nation the individual may well starve. Amid seemingly unbounded resources for the entertainment for the many he still may be wretchedly unhappy, alone, and devoid of that which entertains him. His temperament may be, and all too frequently is, at variance with the dreams and ideals of a thoroughly regimented mass about him. It only requires the temperament of the genius to select and portray this condition.

And obviously the artist, if he is one to arrest attention, is one with a message—some new mood, theory, or form to present, something that is new, not old, and hence of necessity at variance either with what has been said or believed or with what is currently believed and practiced. Hence all too often (invariably when the message is of any real import) he is a pariah, as much so as is the unbeliever to the Mohammedan, the atheist to the true Catholic, the theatrical

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producer to the Baptist; and he must shift for himself as best he may. But he is not here or anywhere long before he realizes that this is true, and in consequence seeks to make the best of an untoward scene while he does what he can.

Yet personally I must say I have found the working atmosphere far from unbearable and still so find it. (I talk of the South Seas, the Spice Islands, Egypt, China. Yet here I am and here I am likely to remain. Ah, me!) I am like the man who thinks—at times—that he hates all his relatives. He can do without them. He never wants to see them again. But every once in a while he runs into one—or one gets sick or dies and he goes calling or attends a funeral; and he finds that they aren't so completely offensive to him as he had imagined. He may not see eye to eye with them or have exactly the same tastes or wear as good or as poor clothes; but after all they are blood of his blood, flesh of his flesh, and he has all the things common to his country in common with them. They are better than aliens at that—or so he will think—tolerable, and even amusing. He may even strike up a friendship with one here and one there, or at least think kindly of them. And thus do I.

A Trans-Canadian Diary

By JAMES RORTY

The Islands: Puget Sound

I am content, for I am told
Islands there are in this wide sound
Unsought, unvisited by man;
Fronting the sea with dark, impenetrable pine,
Silent, alone, sufficient each
Unto itself.
Yet there is speech enough; the rain
Beats in upon the rocks; the wind
Whispers the night through in the pines; the day
Breaks with a cry of gulls above the sea.
Speech, but no human speech; dark earth that was
And will be, though no man
Shall come to name it. O most pure!
I would forbid
You touch them, even with your thought.

The Olympics from Vancouver

Poor men, dreaming of money, wake and see
From hotel bedrooms, through the grimy panes
A rose dawn flowering the Olympic snows.

Poor girls, shopgirls, sitting where they can see
Toward closing time the sunset on the peaks, must feel
A silence made of snow and darkness steal
Across the bay; their thought
Is all of lovers.

Vancouver's poets, prowling, taking note
At dawn and evening, noon of a white day,
Consider well these shafts of granite, ice, and snow;
Gaze with hard eyes, and wonder why
The Olympics lift and pour
Eternal music to an indifferent sky.

To the Old Explorers

Old trappers, explorers, namers of rivers and islands and bays—
Frazer, MacKenzie, Thompson, Vancouver—
So bravely, spaciously they lived that now
A spacious death is theirs, a fair and smiling sleep
Deep in the fragrant darkness of the pine.

Say, was it not enough? To trace
A score of rivers to the sea, to climb,
Snow-blind and panting, half a hundred peaks, and shout
Unto a wilderness of snow and pine:
"It is the King's! . . ."

And then to sleep
Here in this league-wide valley, where the pines
Stand close, conserve their fragrance, and await
The quiet benediction of the snow.

Jasper: Late Autumn

The teeth of the beaver have marked for his own
Three poplars by the river; soon they'll lie
Stored in green water, six feet under. Dark
And shrunken are the lakes, the geese have gone. . . .
What sad expectancy is this that turns
The shadowed faces of the peaks
Northward at evening? Say
What boreal wonders blaze and flow
Beyond our sight? . . .
Not now, but soon
The streams will stiffen and be still, and soon
Under gray skies the snow
Will triumph softly.

Men in Pullman Cars

Men in Pullman cars blink through frosted panes at the pulp-wood forests of Ontario.
Men in Pullman cars wrinkle their brows, reading Sunday supplements, *Western Stories*, *The Literary Digest*.
Men in Pullman cars quote vice statistics, and tell me it's terrible the way the young folks carry on these days.
Ten men in the observation car stuff their eyes with newspapers, their ears with radio phones, and keep cool with Cal, bowling across the Canadian prairie, on election night.
Men in Pullman cars play cards, yawn, say prohibition's not practical, then
Go to sleep like mail sacks dumped on green plush.

Other men walk the tracks, endure the loneliness of snow peaks and fir forests, wave red lanterns, pull switches.
Once other men bridged rivers, bored mountains, bribed legislatures, just for this.

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Edith Sitwell*

By EDWIN MUIR

THE fate of Miss Edith Sitwell, like that of a growing class of writers, has been ironical. At the start she was abused; now she is abused, praised, and accepted; she has never been understood. An attitude to her work has been improvised, and that is all.

This indeed is not remarkable, for Miss Sitwell's poetry is difficult to understand. She gives us no help and she can give none, for to do so would be to shift her vision from her center to ours, and to falsify it. If that vision is strikingly different from ours, and if its chief value resides in the difference, then it must be better, and in the last resort more intelligible, the less it admits of compromise. It is indeed so original that it demands a language of its own, and Miss Sitwell has mastered that language; we all recognize this when we praise her technique. But this mastery being universally acknowledged, it follows that the problem of Miss Sitwell's genius is strictly the problem of the language she has invented to express it. There will be no real criticism of her work until someone has mastered that language. This essay claims to be nothing more than a necessary inquiry which might precede a criticism.

The basis of Miss Sitwell's language is an unusual kind of simile, by means of which she tries to escape from classified correspondences into correspondences more intimate and more universal. These similes are essentially psychological rather than pictorial. Miss Sitwell speaks, for instance, of something seen as if it were heard; but the simile is simply the psychological equivalent in terms of one sense of what we apprehend customarily with another. She often speaks, too, of things in motion as if they were motionless, and of fixed things as if they moved, but she does this for the very good reason that things do often appear to our minds in that way. A waterfall has a greater intensity of motionlessness to us in some moods than a rock; streets at dawn move rather than stand still. And the mood in which things appear to us in this manner is not idle or fanciful; it is serious and profound. We see more intensely in apprehending the motionlessness of the cataract than in perceiving its movement.

It is alone this change of vision, imperceptible or violent, that opens up to us the aesthetic revelation of the world. Art begins where our habitual perceptions leave off, the perceptions which tell us that a cataract falls and a house stands. In her poetry Miss Sitwell merely emphasizes this character of art, which is as old as art itself. Where Nietzsche, writing in the pure romantic tradition, said of the cataract—to keep our example—that it hesitated in falling, Miss Sitwell simply states that it is like smooth hair, or rather, reversing the roles, a favorite device with her, says of Prince Absolom's hair that

> all his gold fleece flows like water
> Into the lap of Sir Rotherham's daughter.

She speaks of shrill grass, she writes of trees "hissing like green geese," and of country gentlemen who

> from their birth
> Like kind red strawberries root in earth.

All these images are psychological, and as such easy to apprehend. They are difficult only when we insist on regarding them as pictorial images, and there is a very old fashion which makes us look in poetry always for pictorial images. But it is possibly nothing more than a fashion, for even the pictorial image is significant only when it is at root psychological. In striving to break this fashion Miss Sitwell has made herself unintelligible to most of her contemporaries. That, obviously, could not be helped.

The best index to Miss Sitwell's attitude is to be found in two prose passages in "Bucolic Comedies." "Modern poets are discovering an entirely new scale of relationship between the senses. Our senses have become broadened and cosmopolitanized. They are no longer little islands, speaking only their own narrow language, living their sleepy life alone. Where the language of one sense is insufficient, they speak the language of another. We know, too, that every sight, touch, sound, smell of the world we live in has its meaning—is the result of a spiritual state (as a great philosopher has said to me)—is, in short, a kind of psychoanalysis. And it is the poet's duty to interpret these meanings." This is Miss Sitwell's apologia for her poetic method, her use of sounds as equivalents for visual impressions, her rebellion against the habitual way of seeing things. The other passage is a defense of her naivete, which implies so much. "We all remember nursery afternoons when the snow's little musical-box gave out half-forgotten tunes, and our nurse told us tales that fell with the same tinkling notes as the snow's tunes. . . . 'Long ago, and once upon a time.' But though this world has the same bright-colored clarity as those afternoons of our childhood, it is a different world. The snow lies cold to our heart. Here we have a winter world, stripped bare of all its smiling leaves, and the soul is face to face with reality."

In other words, Miss Sitwell's poetry is on the one hand mystical, it sets out to "interpret these meanings"; on the other hand it is naive, it has "the same bright-colored clarity as those afternoons of childhood." And she is not mystical in one poem, naive in another; she is both at the same time. The two elements are inextricably knit together, as they are so often in the poetry of mystics. In his book on Rimbaud Mr. Rickword maintains that the imagery of "Bateau Ivre" was taken chiefly from schoolbooks and boys' tales of adventure. One has often the feeling that the proper names Miss Sitwell uses, her Myrrhines, Jemimas, Marthas, and Debs, are real or invented names remembered from childhood; but they have also the power of magical charms, the pure value of their syllables. Her imagery is the imagery of children's stories, but it is at the same time that of a childhood of the world, when men had an immediate sense of the magical potencies of nature. "The Wooden Pegasus" recalls the rocking-horse in the nursery; "The Sleeping Beauty" is the old children's tale. Almost all the poems Miss Sitwell has written are nursery rhymes, even to their meter; but they are mystical nursery rhymes. She sees, like a child, the colors of things as if they were not colors but things in themselves. She sees them so distinctly that, for instance, the squares of color on an object seem to be independent objects which split up the unity and create a multitude where there was only one. These colors are gay, clear, and unmixed, as if they existed for themselves in a magical life. And as the colors are independent of the object, so the object is independent of us. An apple, for example, is hard, like painted wood. Seen thus, as if for

* This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Muir dealing with the younger authors of today who are becoming established. Essays will follow on Lytton Strachey, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, and others. Mr. Muir's article on D. H. Lawrence appeared in *The Nation* for February 11.

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the first time, with this childish freshness, it has the occult power of a thing which exists with a justification of its own which we cannot know. It is not a fruit to be eaten, but an entity to be recognized.

The bright, supernatural clarity of Miss Sitwell's poetry is a gift from her childhood; her use of this gift is purely mystical. The very vividness, a little unnatural, of the objects which start out of her pictures seems to proclaim their unreality—they can be only appearances, phenomena, hiding something else. When she sees

> Upon the sharp-set grass, shrill-green,
> Tall trees like rattles lean,
> And jangle sharp and dizzily;

when she writes

> In each room the yellow sun
> Shakes like a canary, run
>
> On run, roulade, and watery trill—
> Yellow, meaningless and shrill;

when she speaks of

> The insipid, empty-tasting fruits
> Of summer giggling through the rounded leaves,

or of "thick-bustled cherry trees," she gives us a vivid picture of grass, trees, sunshine, and fruit, she renders them more clearly and brilliantly than we ever see them, but she renders them in a way to make us feel that they are glittering and false. She tells us as clearly that "things are not what they seem" as Blake did when he said that

> The human dress is forged iron,
> The human form a fiery forge,
> The human face a furnace sealed,
> The human heart its hungry gorge.

But she is not explicit, like Blake. She does not tell us what in its eternal essence a tree, a tiger, or light is; she only shows us what it is not. She is a mystic negatively only, and more akin to Rimbaud than to Blake. Yet an apprehension of the unreality of the world can only come from another apprehension, more or less clear, of something real behind it. Miss Sitwell's second-sight is not, like Blake's, formulated and full. And if her poetry is not a revelation, the "just and terrible Judgment Day" which she has said is no longer possible, it is because of this. She is, like Rimbaud with all his gifts, a mystical poet who has not attained the fulness of mystical poetry.

She is a mystical poet, indeed, chiefly by implication, but her work is rich in implications. Why, for example, should there be such a number of static images in her poetry? Why are cheeks so often like painted wood, or round, hard fruit? Why does she say that country gentlemen "like kind red strawberries root in earth," and see that their fingers sprout with leaves? In some of her poems she regards the whole visible world as if it were suddenly fixed, a monstrous and absurd illusion. There is horror in this vision, but it is a metaphysical horror, for to Miss Sitwell, as to Blake, the average human existence is a vegetable existence. It is unawakened and illusive, as purely of the earth as the fruits and wood in which she finds the symbols for it. And who will deny the truth and profundity of that vision? These country gentlemen, these men of business, who raise such a hubbub in the practical world, spending wealth, making money to live, making money to make more money, are seen from the spiritual plane, not alive at all. They are immobile, motionless; or, if they move, their movements have the infinite slowness of a nightmare. Absorbed entirely, like trees, in the process of mechanical growth, they are as impervious as trees to that lighter and more intense life of religion and art in which humanity finds its only freedom. No one has expressed more intensely than Miss Sitwell the horror of that vegetable life. Other writers have detested the bourgeoisie, but she magnifies them until we realize why even in their most trifling acts there is a cosmic oppressiveness. The vision which could do this was extraordinarily profound.

Miss Sitwell sees existence thus, as an infinitely slow process; she sees it also, sometimes, as a thing which changes too rapidly. Here she is almost on the beaten track.

> The flowers that bud like rain and dream
> On thin boughs water-clear,
> Fade away like a lovely music
> Nobody will hear

might have been written by a poet who would have caused no dissension among the critics. In this kind of poetry she achieves sometimes the most admirable effects. There is fine force in

> Adder flames shrieking slow

and

> like a gold-barred tiger, shade
> Leaps in the darkness.

There is enchanting loveliness in

> *And like the lovely light gazelles*
> Walking by deep water wells,
> Shadows past her mirrors fleet
> Through bright trellises of heat.

Yet the highest qualities of Miss Sitwell's poetry are not to be found in these passages; for her significance lies not in the bright images thrown up in her poetry but in the unique mystical vision behind it.

The great defect of mystical poetry is a kind of monotony. There is a reason for this. Mystical poetry must needs seek correspondences and symbols, and particularly that correspondence, that symbol, which will be most universal and cover the greatest number of facts. The fewer the symbols, the greater obviously is their power. On the other hand, if every fact could discover a particular symbol for itself, the language of symbolism would melt away into the ordinary language of men. A certain monotony is accordingly the concomitant of mystical poetry, and Miss Sitwell's imagery is monotonous. It is monotonous, also, for a second reason: she sees life habitually either as process or as vegetable existence, and these conceptions are not capable of wide amplification. Of a static thing one can say only that it stands, of a process only that it proceeds. Miss Sitwell's poetry is monotonous because the human passions and aspirations which chiefly give richness and diversity to art do not come into it. She has not humanized her subject-matter; she has not translated the mystical, undifferentiated emotion of horror into the human and discerning emotion of pity.

In her latest volume, "The Sleeping Beauty," she has, however, made an approach to this. It is the most moving poem which she has written. The unreality of life is apprehended in it with a new sense of its burden, simply because it is felt for the first time from within, and not, as in her early works, seen from the outside. In no other volume has she been so simple and so poignant. Miss Sitwell is no longer treating life's processes; she is treating its drama.

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Books

First Glance

"DIONYSUS in Doubt: A Book of Poems" (Macmillan: $1.75) is the first miscellany to be published by E. A. Robinson since his "Three Taverns" of 1920. During the interim, if the "Collected Poems" be left out of account as covering old ground, his public has been asked to confine its attention to three long narratives—"Avon's Harvest," "Roman Bartholow," and "The Man Who Died Twice"—which followed "The Three Taverns" somewhat as "Merlin" and "Lancelot" had followed the collection of 1916 called "The Man Against the Sky." It is not unlikely that Mr. Robinson will proceed henceforth in the rhythm which these seven volumes have established, pausing in the intervals of his major and more intensive work to assemble such pieces as he has been writing, as it were, with his left hand. For the present book is to "The Man Who Died Twice" as glass is to stars, and though one may wish to welcome it for whatever it contains, one cannot insist that it fairly represents the great poet which Mr. Robinson is.

The title-poem begins as well as anything by its author ever began:

> From earth as far away
> As night from day,
> Or sleep from waking,
> Somewhere a dawn like none
> Before was breaking.
> For long there was no sight or sound
> Of any other one
> Than I that was alive on that strange ground
> When surely and ineffably aware
> That something else was there,
> I turned and saw before me, ivy-crowned,
> Flame-born of Zeus and of a burning mother,
> One of the wasteful gods that will be found,
> Though variously renowned,
> Commensurable only with another.

And it ends equally well:

> When dazzlingly, from all around
> There was a quiet lightning everywhere.
> I heard what might have been the sound
> Of silence burning in the air;
> And there was no god there.

The deadly quiet tread of these irregular rhymes is the tread of a poet whose accomplishment at its height has always been uncanny. But the body of the piece is a sermon by Dionysus on the perils of false democracy, and the rhymes neither fit such a subject nor compel it to fit them. It remains a refractory, almost a trivial, subject in the fine hands of one who has never, it seems to me, been impressive as a philosophical poet. Mr. Robinson's genius is for ratiocinative drama and for psychological narrative; it is not, I think, for speculation. The concluding poem, Demos and Dionysus, puts the two ideas again in argument, and the result again is disappointing. Little is said, and nothing is changed.

Of the two other sizable items in the volume, Genevieve and Alexandra is the less interesting because of its failure to carry Mr. Robinson's technique in dialogue to any point not arrived at long ago. Mortmain is better, though still not of the best. Its chief interest is that it recurs in the heroine, Avenel Gray, to a kind of woman who has always fascinated Mr. Robinson—the woman who lacks nothing save that central fire without which life becomes a plaintive puzzle. The eighteen sonnets which remain to be mentioned deserve all praise. Some of them are already famous and must continue to be so. Haunted House, The Sheaves, As It Looked Then, A Man in Our Town, Not Always, and Reunion render Mr. Robinson's irony in forms as beautiful and firm as it has ever found.

MARK VAN DOREN

Folk-Lore of the Fo'c's'le

Roll and Go: Songs of American Sailormen. Compiled by Joanna C. Colcord. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.
Iron Men and Wooden Ships: Deep Sea Chanties. Edited by Frank Shay. Doubleday, Page and Company. $7.50.
Under Sail: A Boy's Voyage Around Cape Horn. By Felix Riesenberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

> Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly, mariners:
> Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily:
> "Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
> And the tune is something hard—
> May we lift a Deepsea Chanty such as seamen use at sea?"

WITH that perverse desire of us humans for something which has just passed out of reach we are straining after the deep-water sailing ship at the moment when it is disappearing. The square-rigged windjammer, which carried passengers and cargo north, south, east, and west during most of the century of the world's greatest commercial expansion—the nineteenth—is only a hazy speck in the distance, about to drop below the horizon forever. While it was with us we allowed publishers to befog and befuddle it with a cloud of gaudy fiction with no more semblance to everyday sea life than the experiences of Jonah bear to those of the average transatlantic passenger. Now, at last, when the steamship with its quick, short runs and its sputtering wireless has ended the isolation and the monotony of sailing-ship days, we seem to be reaching back after the authentic texture of that era, especially its human side—its drudgery and its romance, its sordidness and its nobility, its intermittent comedy, its brooding tragedy, the yearnings of those old-time seamen, their superstitions, their limitations, their occasional sounding of depths as profound as those over which they sailed.

This, I take it, accounts for the publication, almost simultaneously, of two collections of sailors' chanties (working songs of sailing-ship days) and of a new edition of "Under Sail," the actual record of an intelligent and impressionistic youngster's initiation into the merchant service in 1897 on one of the last of American deep-water windjammers. There is no "adventure" of the specious sort in Captain Riesenberg's narrative. The most "adventurous" incident in a voyage of nearly two years was the loss of a man overboard off the Horn. Captain Riesenberg, who recently resigned as commander of the New York schoolship Newport and is now associate editor of the *Nautical Gazette*, fills his book with hard work and bitter weather, with the quarrels and friendships of the fo'c's'le, with sailors' conversation and lack of it, with the daily routine of the deep-sea sailing ship. There may be jazz-minded critics to call some of Skipper Riesenberg's pages "dull." Perhaps they are; for they record the grayness and eventlessness of ordinary sea life. There is no artificial "color," though much of the weary wistfulness of the typical salt such as Old Smith, who, listening to the boasts of the younger men of how they were going to *stay ashore* when their vessel got home, said grimly of his own plans: "I guess I am going to sea again as soon as my pay is spent and I get a ship." And the same minor chord is struck in the doggerel with which Jimmy Marshall apostrophized Christmas Day:

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A hell of a Christmas Day, boys,
A hell of a Christmas Day,
For we are bound for the bloody Horn
Ten thousand miles away.

The minor chord! That, indeed, is the essence of all folk story and all folk music. And this brings us to the chanty—always pronounced by sailors as if it were spelled "shanty." In fact, Miss Colcord does spell it that way to insure correct pronunciation, although admitting that this does violence to the presumable derivation of the word from the French verb *chanter* (to sing). The chanty is not the effervescence of a sailor's moments of relaxation. It is a working song—the product of his toil—used to obtain unison and rhythm while tramp, tramp, tramping round the capstan in getting up the anchor, while sea-sawing at the pumps, while hoisting a heavy tops'l yard, while sheeting home a sail. Owing perhaps to the corroding influence of cheap shore melodies, chanties had begun to disappear from the sea even before the sailing ship did. During my own all too brief experiences before the mast some twenty years ago I never heard a chanty in actual use but once. And I remember still the thrill when, idling along the docks in an Australian port—I think it was Sydney—I heard a wailing chant from the harbor and looked out to see a dark-skinned crew getting up the anchor of a small coaster to that famous chorus of American clipper ships during the California gold rush:

And it's blow, boys, blow!
For Califor-ni-o!
There's plenty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sac-ra-men-to.

Like all true folk songs, chanties were passed down from mouth to mouth—not in written form. Thus there are countless variations and adaptations of the words; fewer in the music. Sometimes the words are boisterous and defiant, like those of that greatest of all halyards chanties, "Blow the Man Down." (I select a quatrain from the version in "Under Sail"):

Now rouse her right up, boys, for Liverpool town,
Go way—way—blow the man down!
We'll blow the man up and blow the man down,
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

Again the words are weird and plaintive as in "Lowlands." Still again they are rollicking nonsense as in

Louis was the King of France, afore the Revolution.
Away, haul away, boys; haul away toge-e-ther;
But Louis got his head cut off, which spoiled his consti-tu-ti-on.
Away, haul away, boys; haul away O!

This amusing chanty, by the way, is not given by either Miss Colcord or Mr. Shay but appears in John Masefield's "A Sailor's Garland" and in other collections.

These working songs of sailors were sung in the form of a solo by the chantyman and a chorus by the rest. The chantyman was a genuine minstrel surviving at sea years after his like had disappeared on shore. He preserved and originated and passed on the folk songs of the deep. The substance of these songs is not the exotic material of the usual sea fiction. It is not concerned with shipwrecks, with escapes in open boats, with battles with pirates, or with marriages to the dusky daughters of South Sea island chiefs. It is, on the other hand, much occupied with the realities that were common to all old-time sailors—with bad food, hard work, cruel weather, and degrading treatment, with crimps and boarding-house masters, with women faithful and faithless (the latter predominating), and with the comedy and tragedy of liquor. Of this rich legacy of folk-lore William McFee says in an introduction to Mr. Shay's volume:

"It is a view of a familiar yet marvelous world that we obtain through eyes and hearts of the old-time seaman. For him the great fabric of our civilizations, our high politics and fermenting philosophies, were but the distant and unexplored ranges beyond the sea-coast of Bohemia. Out of the austere materials at his command he has fashioned his idyls and his pastorals, his sagas and ballads. And those who approach the recorded fragments of his poesie with sympathy and understanding will become aware, beneath the laboring heave and beat of the metre, beneath the uncouth mumblings and cries, of a sweetness and depth of humanity unsurpassed in our time, a clear light of the soul shining upon the dark and turbulent waters of the world."

Of the two volumes of chanties under review Miss Colcord's is the more adequate and important. Mr. Shay and his publishers have produced a beautiful volume, illustrated in color and in black and white by Edward A. Wilson. The one point against it is that it is overlarge for a library shelf. For this volume Mr. Shay has brought together half a hundred spirited chanties and ballads, selecting with discrimination but apparently with no greater research than an examination of already published work. Miss Colcord has made a different approach. She began with the priceless heritage of a girlhood almost wholly passed at sea aboard the sailing ship of which her father was the master. She has supplemented her own memory with talks with old sailors and thus has brought together a mass of new material. There have previously been some good collections of sea chanties made in England, but Miss Colcord's is the first of any consequence in this country, to whose contributions she has fortunately paid special attention. In most cases she supplies the music as well as the words, a difficult feat since parts of many chanties are more of a shout than a song and sometimes more of a wail than either.

If I may take one exception to Mr. Shay's volume, and it applies in a lesser way to Miss Colcord's, it is that instead of presenting his chanties rough hewn he has planed and sandpapered too much. All chanties were sung originally in some vernacular. On American ships it was likely to be Negro or Down East Yankee; on British vessels Cockney, Irish, or Scotch. It has a flavor thus that is lost when the words are reduced to literary English. Take, for instance, the famous "dead horse" chanty as reproduced by Mr. Shay. The "dead horse" is a sailor's first month of work at sea, which he counts as a loss because he has usually signed away his wages for that time in advance to his boarding-house master. I give only the first stanza:

They say, old man, your horse will die,
And they say so, and they hope so.
Oh, poor old man, your horse will die,
Oh, poor old man!

Now compare this for flavor and verve with the Cockney version as given by David W. Bone in his fine narrative of apprentice days, "The Brassbounder":

Oh, sye, ol' man, yer 'orse is dead!
An' we syes so, an' we 'opes so.
Get up from hoff yer feather bed!
Oh! Poor—hold—man!

It would be a delight to go on—like some of these old chanties—almost indefinitely. But the voyage is already too long. Let us end it as did our ancient mariners when, after an absence often of two to three years, they returned to home port:

The winds were foul, the trip was long,
Leave 'er, Johnny, leave 'er!
But before we go we'll sing this song,
An' it's time—fer us—t' leave 'er!

We'll sing, oh, may we never be,
Leave 'er, Johnny, leave 'er!
On a hungry bitch the like of she,
An' it's time—fer us—t' leave 'er!

The rats have gone, and we the crew,
Leave 'er, Johnny, leave 'er!
It's time, by God, that we went too
An' it's time—fer us—t' leave 'er!

ARTHUR WARNER

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Apes and Chimpanzees

The Mentality of Apes. By Wolfgang Köhler. (International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method.) Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

FROM 1913 to 1917 Professor Köhler had an opportunity to study some of the higher apes at the Anthropoid Station in Teneriffe maintained by the Prussian Academy of Science. This book is a translation of his account of the intelligence of the chimpanzees, which he studied by careful and ingenious observation and experiments.

The importance of the topic, the scarcity of scientific studies of the behavior of the man-like apes, and the eminent ability of the author combine to make the book a notable contribution to animal psychology. Its publication in English is a service for which the editor and publisher of the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method deserve the thanks of many. It should indeed be read with interest and profit by students of psychology, even though they care little about animals in general, and still less about chimpanzees in particular; and by students of animal life, even though they care little about psychology.

The bulk of the volume is concerned with experiments undertaken to discover in what ways and to what extent chimpanzees possess and use "insight" or intellect, above and beyond mere habituation or rote learning. It has been the general judgment of students of animal learning that the primates (monkeys, apes, and baboons) in general ranked above dogs, cats, and other mammals in the number of difficult things they could learn, and that chimpanzees and gorillas ranked far above the other primates. The first part of the judgment was supported by many experiments; but the second part had to rest chiefly on observations of show animals. Köhler's work puts it on a secure foundation.

His general method was to put a desired object, usually food, in view, and to arrange the situation so that the original or "natural" tendencies and previously acquired habits of the animal would not, without selection and organization, suffice to bring the animal to the food or the food to the animal. For example, the food would be set or hung out of reach, its attainment requiring that the animal use a stick to draw it toward him, or a box to climb on, or the like. The chimpanzees thus had novel problems to solve, like the "originals" in geometry. After they had discovered the use of a stick to draw a banana in toward the bars, and of a box from which to reach a high hanging object, they were set such "two-step" or combination problems as that of getting food by first using a box to climb on to that of finding a stick to draw the banana in with. We may cite one problem: What will a chimpanzee, who has become thoroughly habituated to using sticks to reach and draw in food that is out of arm's reach outside the bars, do when he has a stick too short to reach the banana but long enough to reach a long stick which is outside the bars?

> [March 26th] Sultan is squatting at the bars, but cannot reach the fruit, which lies outside, by means of his only available short stick. A longer stick is deposited outside the bars, about two meters on one side of the objective, and parallel with the grating. It cannot be grasped with the hand, but it can be pulled within reach by means of the small stick. Sultan tries to reach the fruit with the smaller of the two sticks. Not succeeding, he tears at a piece of wire that projects from the netting of his cage, but that, too, in vain. Then he gazes about him [there are always in the course of these tests some long pauses, during which the animals scrutinize the whole visible area]. He suddenly picks up the little stick, once more goes up to the bars directly opposite to the long stick, scratches it toward him with the "auxiliary," seizes it, and goes with it to the point opposite the objective, which he secures. From the moment that his eyes fall upon the long stick, his procedure forms one consecutive whole, without hiatus, and, although the angling of the bigger stick by means of the smaller is an action that *could* be complete and distinct in itself, yet observation shows that it follows, quite suddenly, on an interval of hesitation and doubt—staring about—which undoubtedly has a relation to the *final* objective, and is immediately merged in the final action of the attainment of this end goal.

This may serve as a representative achievement of the chimpanzees, since four of the six animals tested solved this original "short-stick-gets-long-stick, long-stick-gets-food," while the other two failed.

Köhler takes great pains to distinguish the discovery of the right acts by thought or insight from their discovery by hitting upon them in the course of a general miscellany of activity out of which they are gradually selected. Sudden change from failure to success, and the organization of hitherto separate acts into a total act which will secure the food, are evidence of the former. He presents an abundance of such evidence in the case of the chimpanzees.

Their thinking is limited in ways that will seem strange to those who set off thinking as a general power sharply from association as the formation of particular mental habits. For example, their ideas tend to be restricted to situations that are present to the senses; they are not likely to put two and two together unless the "two's" are actually seen near together; their insight into facts of distance and direction, and consequently of location, seems relatively far above their insight into facts of form. Such specialization of intelligence, with dependence of it upon particular mental habits, is, however, precisely what the modern psychology of thinking would expect.

To general students of animal life Köhler's account of the social tendencies, emotional life, and play of the chimpanzees will be even more interesting than his description and analysis of their learning. A quotation from his account of kindly behavior will serve better than a general review.

> More than once I established that the temporary (or permanent) disappearance of a sick (or dying) animal has little effect on the rest, so long as he is taken out of sight and does not show his distress in loud groans of pain, as chimpanzees so rarely do . . .; and if a sick animal dies in its own room, it is no use expecting any sign of sadness or of missing him, as there is no direct incitement to mourning or excitement, and every animal in the group at the moment feels the group around him. Unquestionably, their interest today in some fruit which they saw buried yesterday is greater than that taken in one member of the group who was there yesterday and who today does not come out of his room any more.
>
> But just as considerable—though transitory—interest is shown when an isolated creature's wailings can be heard or seen, so also I noticed the strong effect on the others when they once saw with their own eyes the signs of weakness and illness in one of the little chimpanzees. At the beginning of his fatal illness, Konsul was once lying helpless on the floor with his eyes closed. Rana, who happened to be passing by, asked him in the usual way (which I have described before) to accompany her. As he hardly moved, and immediately sank back again, she grew attentive, first lifted his head, and then, putting her arms around the little fellow, carefully lifted his weak body, and seemed by her bearing and her look so deeply concerned that there could be at this moment no doubt whatsoever as to the state of her feelings. . . . The fact that Konsul, after being taken back to his room, never came out again evoked as little sign of grief from Tercera as from the other members of the group.

To the psychologist, Köhler's theoretical interpretations of his results, and especially his criticisms of the hypothesis of learning by the "chance" selection of successful impulses and their association with the problem-situation, will be of notable interest and value. A review of these, however, belongs more appropriately in a technical journal, and may in any case best be deferred until Köhler's promised volume dealing with the recent scientific literature of the subject is published.

EDWARD L. THORNDIKE

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Why Rural Verse

Spring Thunder and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. Thomas Seltzer, Inc. $1.50.

RACIAL migrations and the economic conditions of modern life have had one consequence which, among so many others, has been neglected. The universal and rapid growth of the reading public has produced a variety of cultures existing side by side in the same village, in the same street, exhibiting differences even between members of the same family. How much more difficult to establish principles of literary criticism than in the eighteenth century, when there still existed a certain unity of the educated classes, both in town and country, in England and America! Now we are divided by space, by taste, by faction; and here in England, in London, different groups of poets are almost unintelligible to each other.

One of the points of division is that between urban and rural poetry. I myself—to make a personal confession—have never criticized, because I never understood, a well-known type of contemporary poetry which is occupied almost exclusively with the English countryside. Mr. Van Doren's poems have, incidentally, but not without cause of their merit, helped me to understand this defect.

Moreover, literature has—partly for economic reasons, i.e., the necessity for grinding journalistic axes—tended to concentrate its activities in a few international capitals. There it becomes occupied chiefly with metropolitan emotions and sensations. And the metropolitan public, composed of various races and various social origins, has in common only these metropolitan feelings and emotions. Here too the *metic* plays a large part; for the metic, like the Jew, can only thoroughly naturalize himself in cities. Hence we find: first, that the most sensational and (internationally) successful poetry is of the metropolitan type; and second, that poetry dealing with nature has always a limited, but *still* a very strong appeal.

I have no solution to offer for the problems of modern life. But, while we wait, I know that it is a good thing that rural verse should be written. We cannot hope for the comparative unity of Virgil's or Dante's Italy or of Chaucer's or Shakespeare's England, but we can preserve the fragments. Which is what verse like Mr. Van Doren's helps us to do. I—to return to the confessional vein—cannot enjoy poetry about the English country, though I admire the beauty of that country itself; I do not so consciously admire the beauty of the American country (for me, Northeastern America), but it must have a profound significance for me, because I enjoy Mr. Van Doren's poems in the same way, I think, that English readers enjoy the poetry of Mr. De la Mare and Mr. Blunden. I believe that it is of at least the same excellence; but I do not believe that anyone exists who could decide this question; the two languages have no absolute equivalence. So great is the importance of association, and so chimerical the ideal of "pure art." Mr. Van Doren seems to me the more meditative, the more introspective; but it is difficult to analyze differences of mind, when differences of material are already so great (yet so intangible). It is not that I am treating any of these poets as "descriptive" writers; it is what they evoke that is to me so different.

Mr. Van Doren's verse is well written. (I question only his use of "intervene" as a transitive verb on page 61.) It has an atmosphere like the clear, sharp air of *mon pays*. Although, in a review, it is unfair to the book not to do so, I do not wish to distract attention from my generalization about his work by quoting particular passages. I wish only to repeat that poetry like that of Mr. Robert Frost and that of Mr. Van Doren is a valuable antidote to the Manhattan brilliance and often sham originality by which American poetry has lately come to be known.

T. S. Eliot

The Gospel According to Josephus

The Life of Woodrow Wilson. By Josephus Daniels. John C. Winston Company. $2.50.

THIS is the biography which the New York *Times* advertised as an instalment feature and then mysteriously withdrew. Knowing the whole-hearted devotion of the *Times* to the Woodrovian epic, the writer had expected that Josephus's effort must represent about the last word in naive and gushy adulation. It is not as bad as one was led to expect. Mr. Daniels's interpretation of Mr. Wilson's place in American history and the general significance of his career does not differ greatly from the estimate by Professor Dodd. The differences between the two books arise chiefly from Mr. Daniels's simple-mindedness, lack of historical training, and absence of dignity or distinction of style. It is a naive but straightforward eulogy, written for the more earnest and trusting of those who take the Wilson speeches of 1912-19 at their face value.

To Josephus Mr. Wilson was both John the Baptist and the Savior of mankind. "An Epic period is always represented by an outstanding and upstanding epic figure. Issues and ideas are made flesh and dwell among men. It is only when a noble ideal is incarnated in a great man that it can be truly interpreted. The period in which Woodrow Wilson was chief executive was marked by the breaking up of old systems and the ushering in of a new era. . . . Old things passed away in the years when Wilson was America's commanding figure. He was a voice crying, 'Make straight the path.'" After his ministry he was in reality crucified by the Senate, bearing to his grave the burden of the sins of mankind. "The 'broken machine,' the body wounded in battle, when it could no longer hold the inconquerable spirit, surrendered the immortal soul. The Unknown Soldier lies in Arlington with the heroic dead of all the wars in which America has taken part. Sharing with him the national gratitude is the Known Soldier, the President who called him to arms and gave his life as truly for the Cause as if he had fallen on the battlefield." From Princeton back to Princeton, and from Princeton to Trenton, to Washington, and to Paris the book records the ministry of an altruistic, unselfish, disinterested, devoted, and technically competent Messiah, sweetly and graciously but firmly, persistently, and effectively meeting and overcoming the opposition of misguided or malicious enemies. Josephus is undoubtedly devoted to his Master, but he appears also to have been inspired to assume the arduous labors of scribe and biographer through pride in his own membership in the Sacred Band. The fact that he was one of the loved disciples has notably increased his zeal and enthusiasm. The Wilson Cabinet was selected solely on the basis of a consideration of merit and ability. The facts that there were neither Jews nor Catholics in it and that the majority of its members came from the South are explainable entirely by Mr. Wilson's decision that the ten Protestant Democrats chosen were "the fittest and most suitable men" and by the circumstance that the South contained rather more than a strict numerical proportion of distinguished Democratic statesmanship.

It would be futile to attempt to criticize this work, as even the major corrigenda would bulk larger than the book itself. It is a book by a believer for believers, and it will quickly find a place in the Canon as a Synoptic Gospel. It reaches its highest level in the chapters on the reforms of the First Administration, and its lowest in those on Mr. Wilson as a scholar and as a civil-service reformer. At least we may be thankful that we are spared the bombastic rhetoric and the fearful and wonderful home-brewed bio-psychology which ruins William Allen White's otherwise interesting and creditable book.

Harry Elmer Barnes

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A Minority Report

The Constant Nymph. By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

THE result of that intellectual distrust of the heroic and the sentimental which is one of the most striking characteristics of our age has been not to banish these things from literature but to make our approach to them indirect and, as it were, apologetic. Many of our most typical novelists—Aldous Huxley and James Joyce, for example—write their tragedy in terms of farce; James Branch Cabell tinctures his sentiment with a disarming lubricity; and it is amazing to see what a quantity of both lurid melodrama and abysmal sentiment a man like Michael Arlen can persuade his public to delight in, provided only he can disarm suspicion by assuming an air of reckless sophistication. It is evident that Miss Kennedy has wished to attain that fusion of tragedy and farce which has made Mr. Huxley so distinguished and Mr. Arlen so popular, and it is evident also that she has succeeded to the extent of causing her novel to be hailed by a remarkably unanimous chorus of approval. But to me, at least, it appears to be more the modishness of her manner than any particular distinction which she has achieved in it that is responsible for this great popularity.

Miss Kennedy has undertaken to describe the conflict between the ferocious egotism of the creative artist and those who are the unfortunate victims of his love, and though she begins in the mood of sophisticated farce, with a description of the disorganized household of another artist, she means to rise to a considerable height in the description of passion and to achieve a moving pathos through presenting the fate of two women condemned to love this man of no passion save the passion for music. Yet she does not, so it seems to me, do either of these things supremely well. The desired fusion does not take place. What we get is only a preliminary farce succeeded by a tragedy which would be readily seen to be executed in a manner no more than reasonably competent were it not for the piquancy of the contrast and the fact that such a contrast happens to have a very definite appeal to contemporary taste.

In the case of Mr. Huxley it is impossible to separate his farce from his tragedy or to treat them other than as parts of the same whole, and in the case of Mr. Arlen—though his passion seems to me a good deal less genuine—the same thing is true. But "The Constant Nymph" falls apart, so that if one is to discuss it one must discuss its farce and its drama as separate entities. The first is undoubtedly good. The section which deals with the family known as "Sanger's Circus," and describes in its full development that tendency toward bad manners which the cultivation of music, even more than the cultivation of any of the other arts, seems to produce, is effective and funny; but the fun soon dies away and the author enters upon a serious analysis of artistic ruthlessness which is sometimes good and sometimes, especially when it is presented through the action of the characters, stiffly unreal. The persons are all of heroic stature and they are mastered, so we are told, by volcanic passions; but it is difficult for the reader to feel them, and we are compelled—a fatal thing for a novel—to take the author's word for their existence. When we are told, for instance, that almost at first sight an English girl of conventional upbringing falls desperately in love with our hero and wishes to marry him a few days later we have nothing except the word of the author to make it seem credible, in spite of the fact that upon a belief in this passion hangs the whole effect of the story. Thus we are given the outline of a great novel, but that outline is not filled by living characters or surrounded by that atmosphere of convincing passion which alone could achieve the effect contemplated. When, for example, the author says:

> With an increasing disgust she listened to their conversation. Tony jested with the men, while old Rachel, with hoarse chuckles, supplied occasional anecdotes which always smacked of her calling. Even in the impudent, childish remarks thrown in by Teresa and Sebastian, there was the same want of decorum,

her method is dangerously like that of Mr. Savonarola Brown, who wrote in his stage directions: "Enter Boccaccio and Benvenuto Cellini, making remarks highly characteristic of themselves, but hardly audible in the terrific thunderstorm." And surely no one who had not taken very good care to forestall an accusation of intolerable naïveté would dare, as Miss Kennedy does, to precipitate her catastrophe by having one of the heroines die suddenly of a convenient heart failure just as she is eloping with the hero.

The trouble with Miss Kennedy seems to me not that she lacks talent but that she has very definitely fallen between two stools, that she has failed to make up her mind soon enough whether she wished to write a tragic farce or a genuinely heroic novel of the sort which she ends by attempting. Evidently she is familiar with the work of the contemporary English sophisticates; but if she has not already done so she might profitably read Jacob Wassermann's "The Goose Man." It is a novel which deals with a theme almost identical with hers, and it does all the things which her novel does not. To read it is to believe it, as one must of necessity believe those things which one has experienced; to read "The Constant Nymph" is no more than to be told that certain things took place. The difference is the difference between a great novel and one which, whatever intelligence it may reveal, is not in the most important sense a novel at all.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mr. Wells on the Mountain

A Year of Prophesying. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. $2.

MR. WELLS'S year of prophesying began in September, 1923, and in its course he produced the fifty-five short articles for various journals which he has now brought together in a book. Whether in any of the articles he has really prophesied depends somewhat upon the strictness with which the term is used; to many readers it will probably seem that Mr. Wells has only expressed his opinion about so much of the passing show as he was interested to observe. The dissent of today, however, especially if it is cleverly put and stoutly stuck to, is so likely to become the opinion of tomorrow that almost anyone who consistently challenges the existing order may turn out to have worn a prophet's mantle; and Mr. Wells is not only a dissenter but a consistent one.

A list of the things that Mr. Wells does not like reads like a page taken at random from a catalogue of the world's vagaries. He begins by ripping up the pretension that the League of Nations is a preventive of war. As he sees the League, it is rather an egregious obstacle to peace, forever getting in the way of the Confederation of Mankind through which alone peace is to be assured. Looking over the motley Assembly of the League, with its fifty-seven varieties of "nations" big or little listening in solemn attention to an incomprehensible speech by an Ethiopian delegate, and discovering that the passionate support by Abyssinia of Poland's claim to a seat in the Council is due to "the historic ties which bound the two countries to one another," he can think of no better definition of a nation than "any old thing with a flag on it." The League "has provided a job for Sir Eric Drummond, a British Foreign Office official unknown to the generality of mankind; and Lord Robert Cecil, hitherto prominent chiefly as the inveterate enemy of unsectarian education in England, secured political resuscitation as its leading advocate." This, together with the settlement of one or two minor controversies by permission of Great Britain and France, and

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"agreeable, if expensive, holidays in Europe" for some South American politicians, is about all that he is willing to credit it with.

In place of the League, which ought to be abated as a nuisance, Mr. Wells would like to see leagues of peoples having some common interest. One such which particularly attracts him would embrace the United States, Great Britain, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries; Latin America, with Spain and Portugal, suggests another. Mr. Wells is very suspicious, however, of little states. "What civilization needs," he declares,

> are open, efficient, and authoritative controls of certain universal interests, controls representing the great mass of civilized people and their common world interests. For all practical ends it would be infinitely better to let Liberia, Haiti, the Hejaz, and the like go hang. Such little, such parochial states ought to learn to combine up with kindred organizations—or hold their peace in world affairs. Not one of them contains as many people educated up to ideas of world policy as, let us say, any outlying suburb of Amsterdam. If half a dozen of the bigger political systems of the world, or even two or three, could get together to sustain a common monetary standard, a common transport control, a common law court, a tariff union, a mutual defense system, and a common guaranty of disarmament, they would achieve something beyond the uttermost possibilities of this Geneva affair.

As a member of the British Labor party Mr. Wells cannot be expected to think highly of Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Asquith, but he thinks scarcely less highly of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his Labor Government. The latter has shown itself "the least imaginative of governments. . . . It is a class-government, and it embodies the subdued mind of the common wage-earner. Whatever is, it accepts, from Court costume to slums." The Wheatley housing program, with its "rows and clumps of boxes of brick or timber that are to be spread over the outskirts of every center of population," to the "effectual subjugation of great multitudes of women to dingy drudgery for scores of years to come," stirs his wrath. He is not very hopeful about the future of the British Empire, "something accidental and precarious and manifestly provisional," and affirms quite bluntly that Britain does not know enough to govern India. Whether or not he would abolish party government per se is not clear, but he has no use at all for the one-man one-vote idea, and pins his faith to proportional representation if voting is to be worth while.

It is not surprising to find Mr. Wells condemning the attempt to strangle Germany, or the French occupation of the Ruhr, or the political meddlesomeness of the France of Poincaré, or the proposed Singapore naval base, for most intelligent people now who have no special inducement to lie think as he does about those matters, but it is surprising to find him speaking highly of Dr. Benes, the hard-boiled reactionary of the Little Entente. The main difference between Communist and Fascist seems to him to be that "one conspires and does mischief and cruelty to bring about a state of order and justice that cannot exist, and the other to defend and sustain one that exists only in his imagination"; and this because "violent revolution and violent reaction are two aspects of one asinine thing, violent uncritical conviction."

For the rest, Mr. Wells's book reminds one of the story of the preacher who, when asked what he had seen from the top of a mountain, replied that he had seen a great many things that he could use in his sermons. Mr. Wells is fascinated by aviation, if only the Continental planes would not break down and leave him to finish his journey by train. He agrees with Mr. Keynes that the gold standard ought to be scrapped, but chiefly because the "managed" currency which Mr. Keynes would substitute "is a long step toward a deliberately organized world." He pays his respects to Lenin and Caillaux and Winston Churchill and Hilaire Belloc, scores the learned world for its neglect of Unamuno, sees in the

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Wembley exposition "an exhibition of lost opportunities," denounces "the shabby schools of the pious" with their mixed odor of drains and sanctity, calls for a rational system of education in England, and tells women how to get on and where to get off. One gathers that the year of prophesying, despite "the tremendous hardship of periodicity," was one of joyous excursioning and that it ends in hope.

> My imagination [he says in closing] takes refuge from the slums of today in a world like a great garden, various, orderly, lovingly cared-for, dangerous still but no longer dismal, secure from dull and base necessities. I have come to believe in the complete possibility of such a world, and to realize the broad lines upon which we can work for its attainment through a great extension of the scientific spirit to the mental field, and through a deliberate reconstruction of social and economic life upon the framework of a new, far-reaching educational organization. . . . By insisting that I can be a creative revolutionary I escape from acquiescence in what I am and what things are. To live under the rule of King George or President Coolidge and under the sway of current customs, habits, and usages can be made tolerable by the recognition of their essential transitoriness and their ultimate insignificance. And in no other way can it be made tolerable to anyone with a sense of beauty and a passion for real living.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Ogre of Convention

This Mad Ideal. By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

CONVENTIONAL ceilings are never high enough for Mr. Dell's idealists. So they bump their heads rather than stoop. The doorways by which ordinary people enter into one another's lives are to them ridiculously inadequate; their brows are dark from the bruise of lintels. The spiritual furniture in which most people find comfort cramps them, but they would die rather than adjust themselves to it. So they bark their shins proudly, and exhibit their scars like warriors.

Occasionally one is bound to reflect that no great damage would be done if Mr. Dell should endow his idealists with some degree of flexibility. Their cause would not be lost even if their shields were not quite so battered. After all, if your head is in the clouds, almost any ceiling will appear too low, and if you persist in butting your head against the rafters, it is your head—not the rafters—that will ring. Some of the trouble which his crusaders have in the world is attributable to this fact. If the Moon-Calf or Judith Valentine were riding on top of a bus, and the conductor came up to announce "Low bridge. Keep your seats," just as likely as not they would resent his narrow-minded interference and do the opposite. To their minds the bus driver would be a symbol of all things they hate in the world—middle-aged caution, conventional fear, duck-your-head morality. So the logical thing for them to do is to crack their skulls. Idealism of this brand is a manufactured product, and if Mr. Dell is not careful he will become its trade-mark.

In "This Mad Ideal" Judith Valentine goes out of her way, or, to speak more accurately, is thrust out of her way, whenever the author feels that his banners need to be flapped in the face of the world. Mr. Dell passes rapidly over Judith's girlhood—more rapidly than one wishes he had, since he possesses a rare gift for illuminating the complex mental reactions of a child. As early as high school the fine thread of a somewhat arbitrary idealism becomes discernible in her, and Mr. Dell holds on to it until it is a rope.

Judith falls in love with the son of the principal of the school—Roy. Judith wants to be a poet, and Roy wants to be an artist. Two ogres rise in their path; the name of one is Marriage, and the name of the other is Families. Roy's father is the personification of parenthood, and Judith's home (she is an adopted child) is a shrine of all those conventions against which she is in revolt. She dreads "those people at home—

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whose eyes she could feel, even now, fixed upon herself and Roy—speculative, inquisitive, judging eyes." To keep them from "spoiling everything," she cancels their engagement, and packs Roy off to Boston to learn to be an artist. She takes up newspaper work herself.

What Judith's family had done was not so very dreadful; they had simply accepted Roy and approved the engagement. But such an indorsement, to Judith, was the worst of calamities. Her idealism was nourished on opposition, and the moment she found things running smoothly she considered it a danger signal. She preferred to go out of her way to get her head bumped.

Whether she was right or wrong is a question which cannot be answered; the novel comes to a close with the issue undecided. Mr. Dell may be holding the solution for a sequel, but since the reader is left in the dark concerning Roy's growth and ultimate value it is impossible to measure the wisdom of her acts. "A woman's belief in a man is a sacred thing," remarks the editor for whom Judith works, and perhaps that is what she is thinking of in the final scene. "They had had ambitions. They had condemned themselves to be tossed about in loneliness for ever on a sea of vague unrest. Why? . . . Happiness was better. Happiness was real. And it was theirs to take, the happiness of all the world—food, fire, and bed, and kisses in the dark. . . . It needed only a word, but she could not speak it."

Is marriage incompatible with idealism, or is it merely the fashion to pretend so? And if conventions are the dreaded offspring of fear, what better thing will be the issue of the fear of conventions? Mr. Dell does not say.

LISLE BELL

New Views of Relativity

Einstein's Theory of Relativity. By Max Born. Translated by Henry L. Brose. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

Space, Time, Motion. By A. V. Vasiliev. Translated from the Russian by H. M. Lucas and C. P. Sanger. With an introduction by Bertrand Russell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Space and Time. By Carl Benedicks. With an Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

LAST year a professor in Louvain University counted 3,775 books and papers that had been written, mostly within the last ten years, on Einstein's theory of relativity. And here come three more: one from Germany, one from Russia, and one from Sweden. But this outpour is not to be wondered at or objected to if Bertrand Russell is right in saying, in his introduction to the Russian book, that "The general theory of relativity is probably the greatest synthetic achievement of the human intellect up to the present time. It sums up the mathematical and physical labors of more than two thousand years."

The quotation also serves to characterize the recent books on relativity. When the clearing of the war-clouds first revealed Einstein to the public his theory came as a bolt from the blue. It was commonly regarded as an incomprehensible, unprecedented, and presumably crazy notion, contrary to all the established principles of physics and mathematics and leading to paradoxes repugnant to common sense. Further investigation showed, on the contrary, that the theory was to be regarded rather as the natural culmination of the philosophic thought of centuries and the clarification of many of the perplexities of the past. The three authors here under consideration all treat the subject from this historical point of view, and all fit Einstein into his proper niche at the end of the long line of worthies at the other end of which stand Pythagoras and Protagoras. Professor Born has used up two-thirds of his pages before he reaches Einstein.

This author gives a curious reason for the different reception given to relativity by different races:

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> From now onwards ether as a substance vanishes from theory. In its place we have the abstract "electromagnetic field" as a mere mathematical device for conveniently describing processes in matter and their regular relationship. . . . Only the reader who has made this view really his own will be able to follow the later development of the doctrine of space and time. Different people find progressive abstraction, objectivation, and relativization easy or difficult, as the case may be. The older peoples of the Continent, Dutch, French, Germans, Italians, Scandinavians, are most susceptible to these ideas, and are most deeply engaged in elaborating this system. Englishmen, who incline to concrete ideas, are less readily accessible. Americans are fond of attaching themselves to mechanical pictures and models. Even Michelson, whose experimental researches had the greatest share in destroying the ether theory, repudiates a theory of light without the ether as unthinkable. But the younger generation is already being educated in the sense of the new views, and accepts as self-evident what was regarded by the older school as an unheard-of innovation.

But Professor Michelson, in spite of his attachment to the ether, cannot be considered as congenitally immune to the contagion of relativity since he came from Germany and is of the same race as Einstein. Einstein, in fact, owes more to Michelson than to anyone else, since it was he who started the question by his ether-drift experiment at Cleveland in 1881; and it is he who has given the latest and most conclusive evidence for relativity by his experiment at Chicago a few weeks ago. And possibly there is not so much difference as there seems between Einstein's "space" and Michelson's "ether." In fact, Einstein has recently stated that he has no objection to using the word "ether" as applied to empty space equipped with gravitational and electromagnetic fields, provided that it does not involve the idea of substance. But, according to Max Born, Michelson's early experiment proved an alibi for that "universal culprit," the ether, and Einstein's interpretation "puts an end to the whole business."

Readers who have strained their imaginations in trying to form a mental picture of the curvature of time and space will be relieved to learn that such effort is not necessary. To quote directly from Professor Born:

> The person of untrained mind usually becomes indignant at this. He states that he can understand something *in* space being curved, but it is sheer nonsense to imagine *space* being curved. Well, no one asks that it be imagined; can invisible light be imagined, or inaudible tones? If it be admitted that our senses fail us in these things, and that the methods of physics reach further, we must make up our minds to allow the same to the doctrine of space and time. . . . The deviations which Einstein's theory predicts are so small that only the extraordinary accuracy of measurement of present-day physics and astronomy can disclose them. Nevertheless they are there, and if the sum of our experiments leads to the result that the space-time continuum is non-Euclidean or "curved," intuition must give way to the judgment pronounced by knowledge.

The Russian professor A. V. Vasiliev also views the subject in its historical and philosophical perspective. He devotes half of his book to the forerunners of Einstein, with especial attention to Berkeley and Mach. Laplace had a clear conception of the idea that all our measurements are merely relative, for he says in his famous "Exposition du Système du Monde" (1796): "The universe reduced to the dimensions of atoms would present exactly the same picture to the observer. The simplicity of the laws of nature allows us to observe and recognize only relations." Professor Vasiliev finds that "the general theory of relativity has points of contact with both the opposing tendencies of philosophy. The representatives of both schools greet it with ardent sympathy." He suggests that this points to the possibility, even in the near future, of a synthesis uniting idealism and positivism.

The two preceding authors accept relativity without reserve, but Carl Benedicks, director of the Metallographic Institute of

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The Science of Crime

Criminology. By Edwin H. Sutherland. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

THIS sane and temperate discussion of the causes of crime and the most approved methods of dealing with the problem comes as a welcome antidote to the sentimental slush which passes for criminology in the columns of our newspapers these days. With one of the judges of "the greatest criminal court in the world" advocating life sentences for all criminals convicted of serious offenses and another insisting on the whipping-post as the only sure remedy for the evil of criminality, we may well be grateful for this fresh evidence that the crime wave has not dethroned the reason of all students of the subject. It is necessary only to read the five substantial chapters in which Mr. Sutherland analyzes the numerous and varied causative factors that enter into the production of the criminal to realize how unreal and futile these sleight-of-hand solutions are. As well try to avert the eclipse of the sun by hanging a few witches or by making grimaces at the moon. Like every other problem, whether of external or of human nature, there is no solution without understanding and there can be no understanding without careful, patient, and disinterested study of the facts.

As a survey of the field of criminology nothing else that has yet appeared in print equals this handbook in comprehensiveness, and nothing else surpasses it in fairness of tone or in the scientific caution of its presentation of fact and theory. For these reasons it is peculiarly valuable for the purpose which it was primarily intended to serve, as a textbook in criminology for students. The general reader may be disappointed to find it so little individual or creative. But this would be to misconceive the purpose of the work. The author, we may assume, has had no personal experience either as a prison administrator or as one who has otherwise known and studied criminals in the flesh. He has no stories to tell, no personal records to present and analyze, no original theories to propound. He writes as a sociologist who brings his critical faculties to bear on the vast literature of the subject and who knows what has been done or attempted as well as what has been thought and said by others. The reading lists appended to the several sections of the volume present a formidable array of 443 previous writers upon whom the author has levied tribute. The book is a credit to American scholarship and a work that no serious student of the subject can afford to ignore.

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An Economic Interpretation of Art

Mammonart. By Upton Sinclair. Pasadena, California: Upton Sinclair. $2.

THIS book attempts to prove a profound thesis in a superficial manner. It sensationalizes a critical principle of sound, sociological origin. Its purpose is brilliant, but its execution is crude. Unique and illuminating in theory, it is jazzily journalistic in practice.

It is regrettable that such strictures are necessary in reference to a book with such a potentially significant theme. Mr. Sinclair endeavors to show the relation of the artist to the propertied groups; "the path to honor and success in the arts has been through the service and glorification of the ruling classes." He bases his interpretation on the theory of the class struggle. In doing this, Mr. Sinclair displays acuteness of vision. Few critics have perceived the economic background of art, and fewer still have had the perspicacity to see its relation to the class struggle. The background of this approach was laid by Marx and Engels, Labriola and Dietzgen. Its actual execution, however, was first made by Plechanov, the Russian materialist, in his extensive and penetrating studies of literature and society, particularly in his essays "Art and Social Life" and "The French Drama and Art of the Eighteenth Century in France." Brunetière also, although not an advocate of the class struggle, in his evolutionary criticism caught a faint glimpse of the effect of class-transitions upon literature, and in his "Epoques du théâtre français" was careful to show the influence of the rising bourgeois upon the trend of French drama.

While there is praise for the critical position that Mr. Sinclair has dared to defend, unfortunately there is censure for the crude and clumsy weapons with which he has fortified it. The endeavor to entertain—and entertain the book certainly does—nips its attempt at profundity. The aristocratic conception of tragedy, a pure reflex of the feudal order, which was defended by such critics as d'Aubignac, Ronsard, Pelet de la Mesnardière, Gottsched, Opitz, Gosson, Webbe, and Dryden, is treated in passing phrases that never seem to seize its importance. The revolutionary significance of Lillo's "The London Merchant" is entirely unnoticed. The distinction between comedy and tragedy and their connection with the class struggle is not emphasized. "If you wish to have a comedy of your subject, the persons must be citizens; for heroes and princes belong in a tragedy," wrote Gottsched in 1730 in his "Versuch einer kritischen Dichtkunst für die Deutschen." Common people were the subjects of comedies long before Richardson's "Pamela"; it was in the tragedies that they were excluded from prominence. It was precisely the tragedy of George Barnwell—his execution—that gave "The London Merchant" social significance. That the Goncourts dared to deal with a servant-maid as their protagonist in "Germinie Lacerteux" is not signal, but that they should treat her as fit subject for tragedy is remarkably signal—"whether, in a country devoid of a caste and legal aristocracy, the *miseries* of the lowly and the poor would speak to interest, to emotion, to pity, as loudly as the *miseries* of the great and rich" was the question the famous brothers asked in their preface. Tragedy had been "the child of aristocracy." This fact, the distinction between comedy and tragedy and the social psychology involved, is likewise neglected.

Such facts as we have criticized "Mammonart" for lacking we should not expect to discover in the ordinary run of subjective and impressionistic criticism, but in a piece of sociological criticism, where literature is treated as part of the class-conflict of society, their omission is very unfortunate. The *comédie larmoyante* affords another illustration of the seriousness of this deficieney. From the *comédie larmoyante* later developed the *tragédie bourgeoise*, and it is only in understanding the social conditions in France during the eighteenth cen-

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tury that these vicissitudes in the French drama can be explained. No more cogent proof of the influence that a rising social class can exercise upon literature is to be found than in the evolution of these two genres. The spirited revolt of Beaumarchais, La Chaussée, and Diderot, proponents of the recalcitrant rising bourgeois psychology, expressed a tendency of profound historical and literary character. The significance of all of these developments totally escapes Mr. Sinclair's observation. Yet we cannot see how a sociological criticism, which considers the work of an artist as inevitably reflecting a section of the social mind, can be of permanent value without a correlation of facts that are the very basis of its theory.

It should not be thought, however, that "Mammonart" is without interest. Despite its superficiality it is a book that should be read. It is teeming with information about literature and literary men that ordinarily would never come within the ken of the lay reader. It represents an attitude toward art that is strange and novel in American criticism. While its journalistic extravagances will irritate the sociologist, and its grievous omissions pain the scholar, its stories of authors and how they got their money, of musicians and how they got their inspiration, of painters and how they got their conceptions, ought to delight and edify a large audience. A sneering description of Coleridge as the maker of "the poetry of opium," a man whose images appeal "to reactionary emotions, fear or sensuality," will mainly amuse the judicious. But the intelligent reader will be interested not so much in the judgments expressed as in the process by which Mr. Sinclair has arrived at them. It is a process that will startle, and had it been more thorough it would have convinced.

V. F. CALVERTON

Books in Brief

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A history and description of one of the richest libraries in the world, with many photographs of its rooms and of the rarities which they contain.

The Book of the Ranks and Dignities of British Society. Lately attributed to Charles Lamb. Including an introductory note by Clement Shorter. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

A facsimile reprint of a dull little volume attributed on no good evidence whatever to Lamb. Even Mr. Shorter doubts the evidence.

The Roman Toga. By Lillian M. Wilson. The Johns Hopkins Press. $5.00.

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An Experiment in Education

By LAURENCE BUERMEYER

THE Barnes Foundation, at Merion, Pennsylvania, has grown out of a community plan which took form in connection with the administration of a business. It may seem a far cry from a business to an institution the primary purpose of which is the study of art and aesthetics; but the passage from one to the other is itself a case in point for the view of art and of the relation of art to life for which the Foundation essentially stands. In its more general aspects this view is the same as that which is associated with the name of John Dewey. It asserts the interrelation and mutual dependence of all the parts of life, and affirms that except by force of circumstances and through a failure in intelligence no human activity is lacking in intrinsic interest or in aesthetic and educational potentialities. The realm of industry and the realm of art are not different in kind; let industry be animated by intelligence and so humanized, and the transition to art is not only easy and natural but inevitable.

The business from which the Barnes Foundation grew was from the start a cooperative affair in that all the principals were animated by a common interest and that, in the division of labor, each of them was intrusted with individual initiative and responsibility. Such a regime of democracy in industry, in which the free expression of personality takes the place of rigid subordination of inferior to superior, foregoes the mechanical efficiency of an autocratic administration, and inevitably raises problems of its own. It is less simple to harmonize the purposes of responsible individuals than to fit together the parts of a machine, and it requires a different kind of knowledge, a more liberal, a more imaginative frame of mind.

At an early stage of the proceedings, therefore, the principals in the undertaking were obliged to seek an understanding not only of the business situation but of their own essential interests and purposes, and the materials for such an understanding were found preeminently in the work of James, Dewey, and Santayana. To the grasp of human nature so achieved was largely due the rapid success of the business itself. This was begun with exceedingly slender financial resources and in a field—the manufacture of chemicals newly discovered—previously altogether uncultivated. In two years the business was an assured success, and to cooperation in practical purposes was added cooperation in solving the problems of leisure.

The insight into the manifestations of human nature that had proved so effective in the economic sphere was no less effective elsewhere. A natural interest in the aesthetic, in literature, music and plastic art, was by its aid liberated and cultivated. The first fruit of this development was a collection of works of plastic art, in the choice of which no assistance from experts was ever asked or received. These were constantly displayed in the business buildings. In the fields of modern painting and of primitive Negro sculpture this collection has for years been recognized, even more generally in Europe than in America, as the most important in the world, and it has gradually been extended to include examples from all the periods in the development of art.

The study of art which began with the works in the Barnes Collection soon led far afield, to the Louvre, the Uffizi, the Prado, and to all the other important collections, public and private, of Europe and America. This study, under the direction of Dr. Albert C. Barnes, has yielded a distinctive method of investigating plastic art and of finding a way to its intelligent appreciation. The method was first applied on a small scale, among people whose academic education was of the slightest. It proved astonishingly successful in awakening interest and genuine aesthetic sensitiveness; so successful, in quarters apparently so unpromising, as to raise the question whether the aesthetic insensibility generally prevailing is not fundamentally due to nothing more than circumscribed opportunity or inept instruction. To answer this question, the Barnes Foundation has undertaken the application of the same method on a much larger scale.

The expanded program of the Foundation is partly a direct continuation of that which has been under way for twelve years. It is this part which most immediately aims at diffusing a knowledge and appreciation of art in the classes of society which do not ordinarily furnish students, connoisseurs, or critics. The work already done has made it abundantly clear that capacity for intelligent enjoyment of art in such circles is neither absent nor difficult to arouse. To become effective it requires a background and organization, and emancipation from the archaeological and sentimental irrelevancies which at present cluster so thickly about art in all its forms. To provide this background, eliminate these distractions, and so bring the realities of art into integral connection with the ordinary life of human beings is the Foundation's aim. All the results thus far achieved lend substance to the hope that education in art may eventually be made accessible to everyone, whatever his circumstances, who has genuine aesthetic interest; they also provide reassurance against the fear that art, in thus becoming democratic, must become also superficial or vulgar.

One of the chief problems of education in art there is that of establishing traditions of intelligent criticism and research. This is the problem to which existing institutions ordinarily address themselves. Such institutions are the colleges, in which instruction is given chiefly from the historical point of view, and the academies of painting, in which the study of art is primarily a matter of acquiring a kind of skill which may be turned to commercial advantage. Not in either one, nor in the two taken together, is the problem fully met. Colleges, in the first place, are rarely or never equipped to provide their students with first-hand acquaintance with the material to be studied, since photographs, lantern-slides, and prints are a miserably inadequate substitute for actual works of art, and histories of art too easily descend into mere catalogues of names and dates. Academies of painting, on the other hand, are of use only to that infinitesimally small minority of people who intend to become painters, and the emphasis necessarily laid upon ability to handle a paint-brush only too often distracts attention from the properly aesthetic qualities of painting. The result is that such schools turn out in large proportion competent craftsmen who are frankly tradesmen in color-photography, or whose pictures are pathetic revelations of an utter dearth of individual purpose or perception.

Nevertheless, the colleges and schools of art have the apparatus and organization for giving instruction, and in many cases what they are doing needs only to be supplemented to provide a basis for properly aesthetic education. The policy of the Foundation is therefore not to compete with existing institutions but so far as possible to cooperate with them. In accordance with this policy, courses under the auspices of the Foundation are at present being given both in the University of Pennsylvania and in Columbia University. Students in these courses are permitted the use of the Foundation's collection. It is proposed to broaden and amplify the work now done at the University of Pennsylvania, and ultimately provision will be made for graduate work at the Foundation, as students are equipped for independent research. The educational program as a whole is under the direction of John Dewey.

The Foundation, springing as it did out of an interest in that total human development of which art is only one manifestation, does not aim to confine its scope to art or even to aesthetics. Indeed, this phase is only a detail, and it has been developed first chiefly as a matter of convenience, and because the necessary materials were most immediately available. Ultimately the intention of the Foundation is to assist in the work of making an application of scientific method, in the best

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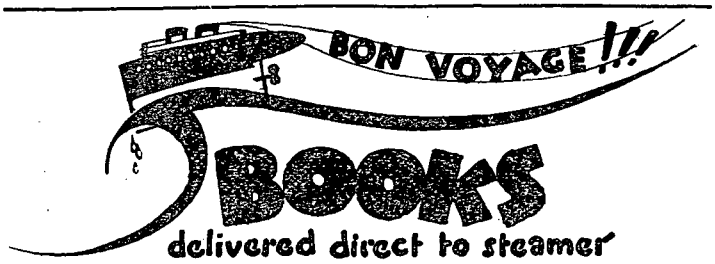

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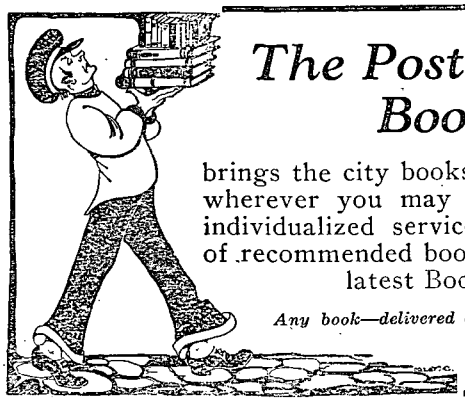

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sense of the word, to all the phases of human nature. Such an application requires a study of the actual conditions in which human beings live, the way in which their interests and activities are molded by their environment, and the means by which those activities may be made more free, more intelligent, more humane. Such an investigation, with a plan for practical reorganization as its intended result, is at present under way with reference to the condition of the Negroes in America. In 1918 the Foundation (not then known by that name) undertook under the direction of Professor Dewey a similar study of the life of the Polish immigrants, especially as it was to be observed in Philadelphia. Not only was a considerable quantity of sociological material secured, but political issues of the most far-reaching character were brought to light. The trail thus uncovered led to the Quai d'Orsay and to Warsaw. Thanks to it, information was gained which revealed the purposes of French and Polish imperialism, the spirit of the secret treaties, and the probable complexion of the terms of peace.

The episode shows very clearly what unexpected results, in what unforeseen quarters, any investigation, however free from practical intent, may bring forth. What it shows ever more clearly is the importance of uniting investigation with the freedom of action which no existing institution of learning can possibly enjoy. The Barnes Foundation, with financial resources amply sufficient to assure complete independence, with its own personnel, journal, and press, is in a position not only to pursue research in any field but to give to the results a publicity far beyond that possible in the classroom or through the channels provided by the ordinary press. It is thus that the Foundation hopes ultimately to take a role in American education which has never hitherto been played.

Drama

Love Without Tenderness

WHEN in 1695 Congreve produced his third comedy, "Love for Love," his genius glowed with a warmth greater than any which suffused it either before or after. The two comedies which he had previously written were, for all their brilliance, "prentice work," and when, five years later, he handed "The Way of the World" to an expectant manager, mind had triumphed over vitality; the slender thread which alone established a relationship between his characters and reality had snapped completely, leaving his personages to pursue their bloodless loves in a world of pure abstractions which lay not in the neighborhood of Covent Garden but somewhere east of the sun and west of the moon. In a way this play was his supreme achievement, but "Love for Love," almost as brilliant, has the additional advantage of being still human. Miss Prude, at least, still has a body, and the joyous indecencies of the piece not only tickle the mind, but warm the heart a little also. The commandments so frequently broken make still a little clatter as the fragments fall, and the women, so perverse and yet so yielding, have still flesh enough to be desirable. There are dazzling epigrams like:

> Women are like tricks by sleight of hand,
> Which to admire you should not understand,

appealing almost exclusively to the mind, but there is fun, too, of a somewhat less inhumanly exalted sort, with jokes whose indecency is as robust and boisterous as it is intellectually accomplished. There are old men with "gray heads and green tails" quite properly balked of the delicious creatures who stir their slumbering lusts; there are joyous youths and maids—well, young women—who, with the cruel impudence of youth, trick and then mock their elders; and there is, above all, Miss Prude, fresh from the country and eager for a man, ignorant but not innocent, and willing to be taught by any "sweet fellow" who can spare the time from more difficult intrigues to teach her. Utterly depraved and utterly charming they are, one and all, but none so charming as she; for she is, with the exception of the heroine of "The Way of the World," the finest of her author's creations, and the scene in which Tattle teaches her the art of saying "yes" without an unseemly promptitude is, with the exception of Millamant's marriage-bargain, the finest of his scenes. It has his wit almost at his best, and it has also a charm which is not of the mind—that corrupt charm of false innocence which, at least since the time of "Daphnis and Chloë," has been known by every connoisseur of impropriety to be the ne plus ultra of delicate lubricity.

It was but a few years after the production of "Love for Love" that a flood of sentimentality swept over the English stage, but in this comedy as in all the best plays of the period to which it belongs, there is not one touch of either sentimentality or sentiment; and it is to this fact that they owe the perfection of their tone. One touch of sentiment, one twinge of momentary pity for those who are so shamefully betrayed and for those who tread so recklessly the primrose path to ruin, and the whole thing would become in a trice unbearably hideous; Congreve never permits that momentary twinge. He was the beau ideal of an age which hated nothing as it hated softness, and he held unswervingly his poise of gentlemanly detached amusement in a world where, in the words of that merry monarch who had given it its tone, no one "believed that there was either sincerity or chastity out of principle." He never descended, like Dryden or Mrs. Behn, to wallow with his contemporaries; but neither did he ever, like Wycherley, revolt against it. In his heart he believed, as he made one of his characters say, that there was no man who would not betray and no woman who was true except among those who had never been tried, and in such a world there is no call for pity. Nothing is admirable save success in either love or business, and those who are betrayed have nothing done to them that they would not do to others. Love has "no seraphic part," for it is without tenderness, and in love, too, there is no test save success. Let us laugh with sympathetic laughter at those who succeed and let us howl our scorn upon those who are foolish enough and weak enough to fall. That life is a tragedy to those who feel and a comedy to those who think Congreve had never heard, but he knew it, nevertheless, and he chose only to think. By that philosophy he was able not only to write the most brilliant comedies in the English language, but also to live to a serene old age.

It is foolish, I think, to pretend to know in what manner the actors for whom these plays were written presented them to the public. Their names and fames have come down to us, the theaters in which they played can be reconstructed; but to ask in what key they played or what was the style which unified the diverse elements of the comedy into a self-consistent whole is to ask a question which cannot be answered, for the tradition has been, these two hundred years, completely dead. For the performance at the Greenwich Village Theater Robert Edmond Jones has provided a somewhat conventionalized setting and the actors plunge with delightful enthusiasm into their roles, striving, individually, to find what they can in their parts. I doubt if the tone of the performance is as consistent or as smooth as it was in Congreve's day, but that would be too much to expect, and we are not likely to see the play better performed unless, by a long process, the tradition should grow again. Edgar Stehli comes easily first among the actors and Rosalind Fuller comes second. Mr. Stehli's performance leaves nothing to be desired, for he seems to have caught perfectly and without exaggeration the spirit of his part. Miss Fuller is almost as good, and Walter Abel and Perry Ivins are also admirable. A few cuts have been made in the play, but never for the purpose of expurgation. A gasp sometimes precedes the roar with which the audience greets the more daring sallies, and that is entirely as it should be. The theatergoer has awaiting him at the Greenwich Village an evening of entertainment which is unalloyed and unique.

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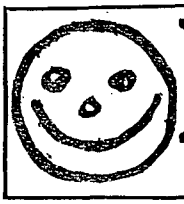
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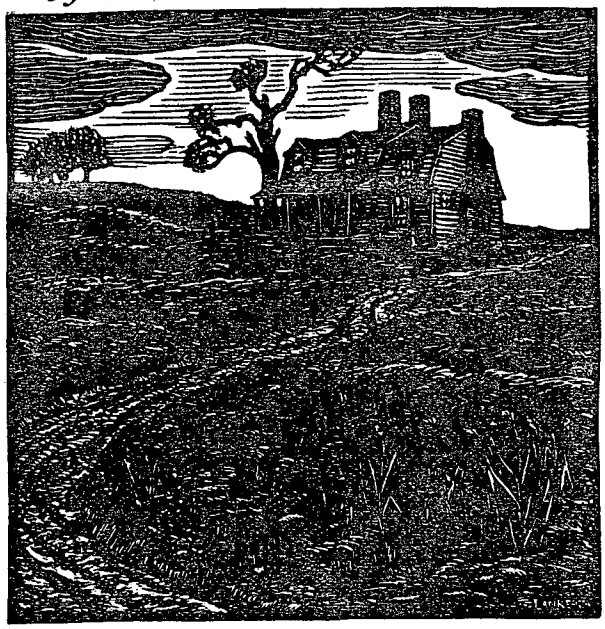

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